

STORIES ABOUT LINCOLN
Folder 4

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STORIES ABOUT LINCOLN

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Biographies and Stories of Abraham Lincoln

Stories about Lincoln Folder 4

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Homely Charm and Magnetic Spe

Sense of Humor Uppermost When Under Stress of Cares of State or Member of His Family Circle

By Mary Scott Uda

Until a few years ago there lived in Washington a bright old lady who was in a way the terror of Society (with the blg S).

She had what I may call a statistical complex which, not satisfied with historical dates, extended its operations to private matters.

"Mrs. So-and-So? Forty-two! Can't remember the Civil War? Why, she was born in 1843. I remember well."

Well, here am I, au contraire, who have always "acknowledged the corn." Born in the late '40s, I cherish personal memories of many great men, among them Abraham Lincoln, whose homely figure and compelling personality I remember from the time I was six years old.

Already a great lawyer, he followed the Circuit Court of Central Illinois.

David Davis, later associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, with a galaxy of men—Lincoln, Usher, Swett, Lamon—already on the way to greatness, swung around the circle twice a year and rightly and duly administered justice in those regions.

My father was a Kentuckian, a well known physician and surgeon. Naturally, his house became the rendezvous of this traveling coterie.

My first impression of Abraham Lincoln was critical. I was surprised, and even shocked, to observe that he picked chicken bones with his fingers—something severely forbidden in my training. Later I was charmed by his jolly verve in story-telling, and, as I grew older, captivated by the plain, convincing nature of his speeches in court,

which, even then, rising like a rock of conviction in the swirling waves of rhetoric of his opponents, were rarely shaken. Followed the days of abolitionism, and I listened open-mouthed to the grave questions awakened by the Missouri Compromise, discussed by these men around the paternal fireside.

Oh, that glowing open fire piled high with Illinois soft coal, which ever and anon punctuated the weighty words with bubbling gusts of iridescent gas!

One of the slogans frequently enunciated by Mr. Lincoln dwells in my mind: "We won't leave the Union . . . and you shan't!" Another was: "Let us save the Union. With slavery, if we must; without it, if we can!"

The keen sense of individual rights which made him never defend in court a cause he did not conscientiously believe to be just, led Mr. Lincoln in those informal talks to advocate the gradual abolition of slavery. A Kentuckian, used to the mild regime of that state, which even Harriet Beecher Stowe did not gainsay, and which bound master and slave in ties of enduring affection and trust, he believed gradual emancipation better for both.

This feeling may well explain the delay in promulgating the great measure.

Formation of Party

Discussions such as these accompanied the gradual formation of the Republican party in Illinois:

My father was an old line Whig. So, too, I gathered, was Mr. Lincoln, for their views seemed to coincide.

The evenings ended usually in an old fashioned feast of apples, nuts, cider and often wine, which Mr. Lincoln never refused—"when offered by Mrs. S.," he said. [John Locke Scripps's official biography, indorsed by Lincoln himself, says that Lincoln was always a total abstaining.—Ed.]

There were always two kinds of apples, and the guests took one of each—the homely red-cheeked Milams that

were laid in by the wagonload, and the aristocratic Belleflowers, blond, big and juicy, that came in careful barrels. They, too, are a memory, long supplanted by the Oregon beauties.

My childish curiosity was aroused to know why they ate the Belleflower first. The jocular answer to my query was: "Because some one might ask me for an apple and get the Belleflower."

During this period Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln passed through our town, where my mother joined them "going East," I think, as far as Cincinnati. She brought back anecdotes showing the human side of Mr. Lincoln and his big-hearted forbearance. His boy Tad was with the party. Mr. Lincoln had a fine cane which had been presented to him. Tad wanted to ride it up and down the aisle. Mr. Lincoln rescued it and carefully stowed it away in the rack above, saying: "Now, you let that alone, young man!" But as soon as his father was immersed in his newspaper Tad climbed up behind him, drew out the cane and, shaking it gleefully in his face, shouted, "You see that, old boy?"

The young scamp deserved a sound cuffing, but Lincoln just laid back and roared. The statesman was a boy again. This talent for putting himself in the other fellow's place was a marked characteristic, as it was of others of that memorable group, especially David Davis, the presiding judge of the circuit. He once said to me: "There is something higher than law, and that is equity." He himself illustrated it in our town when an arrogant young attorney refused to agree to a postponement of a case rendered necessary by the enforced absence of the defending lawyer. "Well, if you insist," said Judge Davis, "I shall have to come down from here (the bench) and plead for the defendant!" The young attorney concluded that perhaps it would be wiser to wait.

To return to that same trip. Mrs. Lincoln was almost hysterical about the baggage and fairly forced Mr. Lincoln

all of Lincoln Described by Friend

to walk back three-quarters of a mile to Lafayette Junction to see that it was safe—which he did uncomplainingly. (After all, who knows how many things Xantippe had to put up with from her Socrates?)

Asked once about one of these little exhibitions, Lincoln is said to have replied: "Well, it gives her a lot of satisfaction and it don't hurt me any!"

Presently the dazzling star of Stephen A. Douglas, "the Little Giant of the Northwest," rose upon the horizon. I knew of him only that he was the author of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, closely connected in my childish mind with the long trains of fascinating covered wagons with their plodding oxen, their cook stoves with jaunty pipes protruding through the canvas, their hanging plows and weary women, which almost daily passed through our town, seeking the "squatter sovereignty" promised them by the Douglas law.

Exciting Senatorial Contest

Then came the epoch—for such it was—of the Senatorial contest. Every town sought to outdo its neighbor in preparation for that great event. The debating orators were welcomed with bands, floats, whatnot. In ours a bevy of young girls dressed in white impersonated the states. They wore flowing sashes, each inscribed with the name and date of entry into the Union of the state.

Last of all came one dressed in deep mourning with a blood-red sash inscribed "Bleeding Kansas"—Kansas was then the dark and bloody ground of the slavery-extension fight!

All these girls rode side-saddle in truly feminine fashion.

The meetings were held in a leafy grove and farmers came from near and far with wives and children in every kind of vehicle—wagon, buckboard or buggy—to the great debate, an incident of which, though rarely told, illustrates its nature.

Stephen A. Douglas, in a flight of impassioned eloquence for which he was famous, thrilled and awayed the rustic and urban audience with his appeal for existing conditions, the extension of slavery in impartial proportions, the respect for individual rights (of the white man!) A whirlwind of applause greeted his fervid peroration.

Lincoln's committee looked grave. How would their man bring people down from the heights of rhetoric to his own plain-spoken arguments? The figure of Lincoln himself, doubled up, as it were, in perplexity, added to their consternation.

But Lincoln knew his audience.

As the applause at last subsided he began slowly to unlimber. Drawing himself to full height he slowly took off his coat, a gesture which in the West meant business, and, turning to his committee, he said:

"Here, boys! hold my raiment while I go in and stone Stephen!"

A Homeric laugh from those farmers, all of them up in Bible lore, broke the spell and greeted the new St. Paul.

And he did "stone Stephen"—with facts.

Next day Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas arrived at our town to receive the homage and sustain the faith of the Democratic organization. The grandniece of Dolly Madison, she inherited her charm. She was, indeed, a beautiful and gracious woman and, it may be, the clever trick of her silent intervention carried the day for Douglas.

Anyway, I remember that my father, bringing home the news of his election, made me, to me, cryptic remark: "This makes Abraham Lincoln the next President of the United States!" And so it was.

Later came the rejoicing over the nomination at Chicago, the victory at the polls, the inauguration at Washington, with Stephen A. Douglas, generous in defeat, holding Lincoln's hat; then the dreadful cloud of war shaken and sent at Sumter by the first shot

'Hold My Raiment While I Go In and Stone Stephen,' Put Douglas Out of Race in Presidential Contest

on the Stars and Stripes. ((I recall vividly the thrill of horror it caused!))

The call for volunteers—75,000—responded to fourfold, took away my only brother—not, alas, to the open field, but to the deadly camps of southern Illinois, where the most elementary sanitation was unknown or neglected.

Invalided home, he was taken to the warmer air of Kentucky and there died—the first of the boys in blue.

The fate of that border state still trembled in the balance between Unionism and secession. The Unionist Governor Maguffin seized the opportunity to show the people the honors paid by the United States to her dead soldiers. At his urgent request, the boy—scarcely out of his teens—was buried with all the military pomp the state could muster.

I remember the slow-moving battalion, with muffled drums and reversed guns; the solemn dirges of the bands, the flag-draped caisson with his wasted body; above all, the awe-stricken faces of the thronged bystanders—almost as if a hero were passing to his rest. Thus history repeats itself—like the Unknown Soldier, he did his bit.

Here end my personal memories of Lincoln, but I remember his prompt and generous response to an appeal of my father [whose family in Kentucky, like the nation, divided among themselves, fought on both sides] for a pass through the lines for a wounded "rebel" nephew.

I learned from Justice Davis another of his last sayings, which may well illustrate the reconstruction policy he would have followed:

"How shall they (the Southern states) come back into the Union? Why, they have never been out of it!"

True Stories of Lincoln

LINCOLN was never in the least ashamed of his own humble origin. Quite the contrary, indeed. It was evidently—as it should have been—a matter of great pride with him that he had been able to uplift himself from such small beginnings.

"Folks like us, who had no slaves, were called 'scrubs,'" he said on one occasion. "We were as poor as poor could be, and I remember very well how I earned the first dollar that ever belonged to me. I was then eighteen years old. Having a small amount of garden truck to sell, mainly produced by my own labor, I built a little flat-boat, and started with the stuff by river for New Orleans. A steamer hove in sight—there were no wharves in those days—and two men came down to the shore in carriages, with trunks. They said: 'Will you take us and our trunks, and put us aboard of that steamer?' Glad of the job, I complied, and, when I had put them aboard, with the trunks, each of them pulled out a silver half-dollar and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarce believe that I had actually earned a whole dollar. From that time on I was a more hopeful and confident being."

He was under no illusions in regard to his lack of personal beauty. There was a story which he told many a time with glee, about a stranger who, meeting him on a train, said: "Excuse me, sir, but I have an article in my possession which belongs to you."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Lincoln. Whereupon the stranger took a jack-knife out of his pocket, and explained: "This knife was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I should keep it until I found a man homelier than myself. I have carried it from that time to this. Allow me now to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property."

Humor was to Lincoln a consolation. During the dark days of 1862 Mr. Ashley, a Representative from Ohio, called at the White House early, just after the news of a disaster had arrived. The President began a humorous anecdote, to which the Congressman was in no mood to listen. "Mr. President," said he, "I did not come here this morning to hear stories. The situation of affairs is too serious." Instantly the smile faded from Lincoln's face. "Ashley," said he, "sit down! I respect you as an earnest, sincere man. You cannot be more anxious than I have been constantly since the beginning of the war; and I say to you now that, were it not for this occasional vent, I should die."

Signing a pardon for a soldier who had deserted, Mr. Lincoln said one day: "I don't believe shooting him would do him any good." Then he added: "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline in the army by granting pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some

good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy when I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him, his family and his friends."

In no instance could Mr. Lincoln ever be persuaded to sign an order for the execution of a soldier who had run away from the enemy. No matter how gross the cowardice had been, he could always find an apology for such "leg cases," as he called them. When expostulated with on the subject, he would say: "I dare say that very often these fellows are brave enough. They want to fight, but their legs are their weak point, and carry them away against their will. Now, I myself am no coward, I am sure, but I should not feel that I could count on my legs in an emergency of the kind."

Judge Bates said: "I have sometimes told Mr. Lincoln that he was unfit to be trusted with the pardoning power. If a man comes to him with a touching story, his judgment is almost certain to be affected by it. Should the applicant be a woman—a wife, a mother, or a sister—in nine cases out of ten her tears, if nothing else, are sure to prevail."

There is a clerk now in the War Department at Washington named J. C. Hesse, who has been employed there ever since the days of Lincoln. He well remembers a case where a notorious bounty jumper, duly condemned to death, as he undoubtedly deserved, sent his wife to Mr. Lincoln to make an appeal in his behalf. She shed a good many tears, saying that she and her children had not received or benefited by any of the bounty money, and that, if her husband was shot, they would starve. The appeal was successful, and the President signed the pardon. When the document was delivered at the War Department the Adjutant-General declared that it was too outrageous; Mr. Lincoln had been imposed upon. Accordingly, he sent Mr. Hesse over to the White House to speak to Mr. Lincoln about it. When the President learned his errand he pointed to the paper containing the pardon, and said: "Is that my signature?" The clerk acknowledged that he recognized it. "That's enough, then!" rejoined Mr. Lincoln. There was nothing more to be said, and Mr. Hesse was glad to depart as quickly as he could get out of the room.

Though so kindly and sympathetic, Abraham Lincoln could be angry and severe—though never unjust. It is remembered that a certain officer who, for amply sufficient cause, had been cashiered from the army, saw the President personally about the matter on three occasions, presenting the argument in his own behalf at length. The third time he said: "Well, Mr. President, I see that you are fully determined not to do me justice!" Whereupon Lincoln quietly arose from his chair, laid down a package of papers that he held in his hand, and, seizing the officer by the coat collar, marched him forcibly to the door, saying, as he ejected him into the pas-

sage, "Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult!"

Another time, he said to Governor Curtin: "What do you think of those fellows in Wall Street, who are gambling in gold at such a time as this?" "They are a set of sharks," returned Curtin.

"For my part," said the President, bringing his clenched hand down upon the table, "I wish every one of them had his devilish head shot off."

The Proclamation of Emancipation was signed on New Year's Day, 1863. After affixing his signature Lincoln said to Speaker Colfax: "The South

Never Published Until Now.

had fair warning that if they did not return to their duty, I would strike at this pillar of their strength. The promise must now be kept." To Secretary Chase he said: "I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by a declaration of freedom to the slaves."

F. B. Carpenter writes: "I would often find Mr. Lincoln with a book open before him, as he is represented in the popular photograph, with little Tad beside him. There were a great many curious books sent to him, and it seemed to be one of his special delights to open these books at such an hour that his boy could stand beside

him, and they could talk as he turned over the pages."

The speeches made by the President on receiving newly appointed foreign Ministers were always written in the State Department. One day a messenger brought such a document to Mr. Lincoln, and, finding half a dozen Senators and Representatives with him, whispered: "The Secretary has deliver to-day to the Swiss Minister." Lincoln laid down his pen, and, taking up the manuscript, said in a loud voice: "Oh, this is the speech Mr. Seward has written for me, is it? I guess I will try it before these gentlemen, and see how it goes."

On another occasion an anti-slavery committee called at the White House to press the adoption of an emancipation policy. The chairman, who was a clergyman, made a powerful appeal, largely made up of quotations from the Old Testament. Mr. Lincoln listened in silence; then, drawing a long breath, he said: "Well, gentlemen, it is not often that one is favored with a declaration direct from the Almighty."

A young man, calling to thank the President for his appointment as a lieutenant in the army, took pains to inform Mr. Lincoln that he belonged to one of the oldest and noblest houses of Germany. "Oh, never mind that," replied Father Abraham; "you will not find it an obstacle to your advancement."

TAD THE COMMISSIONED OFFICER

Tad, having been sportively commissioned a lieutenant in the United States Army by Secretary Stanton, procured several muskets and drilled the men-servants of the house in the manual of arms

without attracting the attention of his father. And one night, to his consternation, he put them all on duty, and relieved the regular sentries, who, seeing the lad in full uniform, or perhaps appreciating the joke, gladly went to their quarters. His brother objected; but Tad insisted upon his rights as an officer. The President laughed but declined to interfere, but when the lad had lost his little authority in his boyish sleep, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States went down and personally discharged the sentries his son had put on the post.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

A cashiered officer, seeking to be restored through the power of the executive, became insolent, because the President, who believed the man guilty, would not accede to his repeated requests, at last said, "Well Mr. President, I see you are fully determined not to do me justice!"

This was too aggravating even for Mr. Lincoln; rising he suddenly seized the disgraced officer by the coat collar, and marched him forcibly to the door, saying as he ejected him into the passage: "Sir, I give you a fair warning never to show your face in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult. I never wish to see your face again."

A STORY ILLUSTRATING
LINCOLN'S IMPATIENCE AT
McCLELLAN'S SLOWNESS

"On a certain occasion the President said to a friend that he was in great distress; he had been to General McClellan's house and the General did not ask to see him; and as he must talk to somebody he had sent for General Franklin and myself, to obtain our opinions as to the possibility of soon commencing operations with the Army of the Potomac. To use his own expression, if something was not done soon the bottom would fall out of the whole affair; and if General McClellan did not want to use the army, he would like to borrow it, provided he could see how it could be made to do something."

LINCOLN'S INFLUENCE

WITH THE ADMINISTRATION

Many smiles have been caused by the quaint remark of the President, "My dear sir, I have not much influence with the administration."

Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, once replied to an order from the President, to give a colonel a commission in place of the resigning brigadier:

"I shan't do it, sir. I shan't do it. I don't propose to argue the question with you, sir."

A few days after the friend of the applicant that presented the order to Stanton called upon the President and related his reception. "A look of vexation came over the face of the President, and he seemed unwilling to talk of it, and desired me to see him another day. I did so, when he gave me a positive order for the promotion." I told him I would not speak to Stanton again until he apologized. "Oh," said the President, "Stanton has gone to Fortress Monroe, and Dana is acting. He will attend to it for you." This he said with a manner of relief, as if it was a piece of good luck to find a man there who would obey his orders. The nomination was sent to the Senate and confirmed."

Lincoln was the actual head of the administration, and whenever he chose to do so he controlled Stanton, as well as the other Cabinet ministers.

One instance will suffice:

Stanton on one occasion said: "Now, Mr. President, those are the facts and you must see that your order cannot be executed."

Lincoln replied in a somewhat positive tone: "Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order." Stanton replied with vigor: "Mr. President, I cannot do it. This order is an improper one, and I cannot execute it."

Lincoln fixed his eyes upon Stanton, and in a firm voice and accent that clearly showed his determination he said: "Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done."

LINCOLN AND TAD

Amid the cheering of the men at Chancellorsville, one of the volunteers lustily called out to the President, "Send along more greenbacks." Lincoln was greatly amused by the incident and explained to Tad that the men had not been paid. Tad thought for a moment, then said with great innocence, "Why didn't Governor Chase print some more greenbacks?"

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN

In each issue of the Week By Week from boyhood to his death. Save each copy. You will have anecdotes and illustrations that when put together will give you a very wonderful story of the life of the immortal savior of our country.

LINCOLN'S UNCONVENTIONALITY IN RECEIVING OLD FRIENDS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Mr. Lincoln's habits at the White House were as simple as they were at his old home in Illinois. He never alluded to himself as "President," or as occupying "the Presidency." His office he always designated as "the place." "Call me Lincoln," said he to a friend; "Mr. President" had become so very tiresome to him "If you see a newsboy down the street, send him up this way," said he to a passerby, as he stood waiting for the morning news at his gate. Friends cautioned him about exposing himself so openly in the midst of enemies; but he never heeded them. He frequently walked the streets at night, entirely unprotected; and felt any check upon his movements a great annoyance. He delighted to see his familiar Western friends; and he gave them always a cordial welcome. He met them on the old footing, and fell at once into the accustomed habits of talk and story-telling.

An old acquaintance, with his wife, visited Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln proposed to these friends a ride in the Presidential carriage. It should be stated in advance that the two men had probably never seen each other with gloves on in their lives, unless when they were used as protection from the cold.

The question of each—Mr. Lincoln at the White House, and his friend at the hotel—was, whether he should wear gloves. Of course the ladies urged gloves; but Mr. Lincoln only put his in his pocket, to be used or not, according to the circumstances.

When the Presidential party arrived at the hotel, to take in their friends, they found the gentleman, overcome by his wife's persuasions, very handsomely gloved. The moment he took his seat he began to draw off the clinging kids, while Mr. Lincoln began to draw his on!

"No! no! no!" protested his friend, tugging at his gloves. "It is none of my doings; put up your gloves, Mr. Lincoln."

So the two old friends were on even and easy terms, and had their ride after their old fashion.

BRIGADIER GENERALS MORE
PLENTIFUL THAN HORSES

When President Lincoln heard of the rebel raid at Fairfax, in which a briga-

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dier-general and a number of valuable horses were captured, he gravely observed:

"Well, I am sorry for the horses."

"Sorry for the horses, Mr. President!" exclaimed the Secretary of War, raising his spectacles, and throwing himself back in his chair in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I can make a brigadier-general in five minutes, but it is not so easy to replace a hundred and ten horses."

MR. LINCOLN AS HISTORIAN

Jefferson Davis, it appears, insisted on being recognized as commander or President in the regular negotiation with the government. This Mr. Lincoln would not consent to.

Mr. Hunter hereupon referred to the correspondence between King Charles the First and his Parliament as a precedent for a negotiation between a constitutional ruler and rebels. Mr. Lincoln's face then wore that indescribable expression which generally preceded his hardest hits, and he remarked: "Upon questions of history, I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I don't profess to be; but my only distinct recollection of the matter is, that Charles lost his head."

Some True Lincoln Stories

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

A BIOGRAPHY of Abraham Lincoln, the beloved President, might easily be composed from the stories he told and it would set forth the character of the man more clearly than the words of any biographer, for Lincoln's stories were his own personal reflections. All great men have stories told about them, but Lincoln was his own story-teller and he never told one without it had some application.

For example when he first became President it was well known that he slyly poked fun at his cabinet officers and others in authority under him by references to their assumptions of superior judgment over his own. Once Judge Baldwin of California wished to get a pass to go to his brother in Virginia, but Secretary Stanton and the general in command refused to let him have it. The Judge went to Mr. Lincoln.

"Go to see General Halleck," he said.

"No good," said the Judge.

"Then Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln.

"No good, either," said the Judge.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Mr. Lincoln, with a broad grin, "for I can't do anything. You see I have very little influence with this administration."

But somehow the Judge got to his brother in Virginia.

Some of the serious-minded people who think everything that is important must be treated with the utmost dignity and solemnity have criticized Mr. Lincoln's story-telling habit as something unworthy of a great man. But they do not know what they are talking about. The main thing with every object in life is to accomplish it. With the most of us, thank heaven, the accomplishment must be by fairly honorable means. Mr. Lincoln's stories were told to accomplish his purpose and that he succeeded so well in so many difficult situations is sufficient proof that the means he used were correct. It often happened that by telling a story with a moral to it he could convince a man who could not or would not listen to reason or see the point of a fair argument.

One of these serious minded men, a Congressman, called on Mr. Lincoln one day at the White House during the dark days of 1862, on an important matter. The President began by telling a story. The serious man objected, and said he didn't come there to listen to stories. Mr. Lincoln became serious himself.

"Sit down," he said to his visitor; "sit down. I respect you as a sincere and earnest man. You cannot be more anxious than I am, always, and I want to say to you that if it were not for the occasional vent I find in these stories, I should die."

Another story will show further how much he appreciated humor. In the Toledo Blade "Petroleum V. Nasby" was writing humorous political articles which pleased Mr. Lincoln so much that he said to a friend as he laid the newspaper aside, laughing: "I'm going to send for Nasby, and if he can communicate his talent to me, I'll swap places with him."

We may readily believe that if the swap could have been effected it would have been a great relief to Mr. Lincoln.

Although the marriage of the plain and plebeian Lincoln to Mary Todd, the aristocratic Southern woman, was not at all times ideal, their married life was not worse than the average, and he thought a great deal of her. This was manifest on all occasions and notably so when he received word of his nomination for the presidency. He was at his home in Springfield, Ill., and when amid the shouts of his fellow citizens, the telegram was handed to him, he looked at it in silence, and putting it in his pocket he said: "There's a little woman down to our house who would like to hear this. I'll go down and tell her." And he left the noise and the shouting all for him and went with the news to the "little woman down to our house."

Disapproved of Women Wearing Hoops

Women were always strong in their influence over him, but only the good women. His first sweetheart, Anne Rutledge, was always a dear memory to him. At the White House he never could resist the pleadings of women who came to see him about their men folks in the army. Once a girl came to save her brother who was under sentence of death for desertion. She had no political pull or friends at Washington, but she persisted till she reached him. He heard her story and pardoned her brother. In speaking of it afterwards he said: "She didn't have any representatives or senators to help her, but she would not be prevented by any obstacles and she didn't wear hoops."

"Hoops" were the prevailing style at that time and those who remember what hideous things they were, will not be surprised that Mr. Lincoln was willing to do his utmost for any woman who didn't wear them.

Random Tales About Lincoln

When Abraham Lincoln was a struggling Illinois lawyer he received a commission in a \$400,000 patent case and went to Cincinnati to try it, hoping to attain from his experience a great public distinction. But his client, upon seeing the noble array of legal talent against him, lost faith in Lincoln and summoned Edwin M. Stanton who conducted matters with a high hand and ignored the ungainly country lawyer.

Lincoln, through an open door in their hotel, was deeply humiliated when he heard Stanton scornfully exclaim: "Where did that long-armed creature come from and what can he expect to do in this case?" At another time Stanton referred to him as "a long, lank creature from Illinois, wearing a dirty linen duster for a coat, on the back of which the perspiration had splashed wild stains that resembled a map of the continent."

Years later this same Stanton was Lincoln's Secretary of War, and beheld in the man he had once belittled "the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen."

One of the most distinguishing qualities of the Civil War President's speech, which historians have generally neglected to make comment on, was his exceptionally clear enunciation. Mere observers long after his death recalled the extraordinary crispness with which he pronounced his words.

"No one ever had to ask him a second time for answer," wrote one who had seen the President occasionally in Washington, though not intimately. "He had a way of throwing his head forward and his lips and features away from his teeth that allowed his words to come forth and his auditors heard his clearness and distinctness with pleasure."

"He had imitators. Some say that Robert R. Hitt made his unusual successful career by mimicking Lincoln in this peculiarity. Gov. Oglesby and Gen. John A. Logan used to allude to 'Bob Hitt acting like Lincoln.'"

"What doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Humility was the Emancipator's most admirable quality. No office-seeking arrogance or political jealousy so common in later days were in his nature. When his name was first mentioned for the party nomination over the brilliant Seward he wrote to a confidant: "I must in candor say that I do not think myself fit for the Presidency."

And to another admirer he blurted: "What is the use of talking of me while we have such men as Seward and Chase? Everyone knows them, and scarcely anyone outside of Illinois knows me. Besides, as a matter of justice, is it not due them? There is no such good luck for me as the Presidency of these United States."

Lincoln's culinary ability and his station as a gourmet were well acknowledged by some of his day. John Hay used to claim that Lincoln really popularized the crisp bacon which has become a staple of the average American breakfast. The President, during hot Summers, used to go out of the capital to a soldiers' home to pass considerable periods of time. At that time the soldiers ate for breakfast fried salt pork of a sort known as "fitch." Lincoln soon acquainted the company with the new way to fry bacon into a brown crisp, and, it is said, prepared some of it so delectable that it soon became popular. Abe used to say that he discovered this method on his riding circuit.

"Honest Abe" was a title which Lincoln earned by his extraordinary scruples. It is related that when he had been chosen by the Whigs for the Illinois Legislature a second time, he received from some friends \$200 with which to defray the expenses of his campaign.

Later he returned to the donors \$199.25, because, he said, he "didn't need the money."

"I made the canvas on my own horse; my board at the homes of my friends cost nothing, and my only outlay was 75 cents for a barrel of cider with which to treat some farm laborers."

Lincoln's simple humility is well instanced by a story told by Col. Nelson Thomassen of Chicago.

"Once, early of a hot Sunday morning," runs his narrative, "I was in the basement of the old War Department Building, used then as a telegraph room. I was with John Hay, Robert Hitt and young Villard, who afterward married Garrison's daughter and became president of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Lincoln came in, said something pleasant and passed directly to a rack on which were some telegraph blanks. He picked up one and began writing quickly."

"Presently he stopped and looked at us and said, 'Young men, when do you use a semicolon?' Villard and Hitt were our literary lights and they quickly said a lot, but I don't remember a single word they said."

"Lincoln, after taking the pen from his mouth, replied, 'I never used the semicolon much, but when I am in doubt what to use I generally employ the 'little fellow.'"

In his early life Lincoln had a taste of the military. He was elected captain of a company of volunteers enlisted against Black Hawk and his Indian bands. He knew nothing of the requirements of his job and, it would appear, did not take it too seriously.

One day when he was marching his company they came to a narrow gate, too small for them to pass through in formation. Not knowing any other command to give he shouted: "This company will break ranks for two minutes and form again on the other side of that gate."

That Lincoln knew so well the value of the press, even in his days of uncommercialized campaigns, as to buy a newspaper to assist him in his 1860 campaign, is a fact mentioned by Dr. William E. Barton of Foxboro, famous authority on the life of the martyred President, in his Lincoln biography.

At that period there were about 30,000 Germans in Illinois and Lincoln saw the desirability of having his cause amply presented to this strong foreign population. The publisher of the Staats-Anzeiger, Dr. Canisius, while originally a Seward man, had turned to Lincoln strongly after his nomination and his support was assured.

However, the struggling editor's future was precarious, as he was in financial difficulties and owed so much to his landlord, John Burkhardt, that the latter had acquired title to the property. To assure the continuation of the enterprise Lincoln purchased the property May 30, 1859, for \$400, and owned it throughout the campaign until December, 1860, when he transferred the paper back to Dr. Canisius.

Boylan - Lincoln

2-27

Lord of Himself and Leader of Others
—A Number of Capital Anecdotes, 7-8-1865

Gen. James B. Fry, who was adjutant general at Washington during Lincoln's administration, relates in the New York Tribune a number of capital anecdotes of the great president, from which we select the following as samples:

I heard a conversation between Lincoln and Stanton in relation to the election of brigadier general. The many applications and recommendations were examined and discussed. Lincoln finally said: "Well, Mr. Secretary, I concur in pretty much all you say. The only point I make is, that there has got to be something done that will be unquestionably in the interest of the Dutch, and to that end I want Schimmelpenninck appointed." The secretary replied, "Mr. President, perhaps this Schimmel-whats-his-name is not as highly recommended as some other German officers." "No matter about that," said Lincoln, "his name will make up for any difference there may be and I'll take the risk of his coming out all right." Then with a laugh he repeated, dwelling upon each syllable of the name and accenting the last one: "Schim-mel-pen-nig must be appointed."

HE PLOWED AROUND IT.

The vexatious duties of the general government concerning the draft made demands upon Lincoln's ability not only in deciding important questions, but in avoiding decisions when it was not best to risk a rupture with state officials by rendering them. Upon one occasion the governor of a state came to my office, bristling with complaints in relation to the number of troops required from his state, the details for drafting the men, and the plan of compulsory service in general. I found it impossible to satisfy his demands, and accompanied him to the secretary of war's office, whence, after a stormy interview with Stanton, he went alone to press his ultimatum upon the highest authority. After I had waited anxiously for some hours, expecting important orders or decisions from the president, at least a summons to the White House for explanation, the governor returned and said with a pleasant smile that he was going home by the next train and merely dropped in en route to say good-by. Neither the business he came upon nor his interview with the president was alluded to. As soon as I could see Lincoln I said: "Mr. President, I am very anxious to know how you disposed of Gov. —." He went to your office from the war department in a towering rage. I suppose you found it necessary to make large concessions to him, as he returned from you entirely satisfied."

"O, no," he replied, "I did not concede anything. You know how that Illinois farmer managed the big log that lay in the middle of his field. To the inquiries of his neighbors one Sunday he announced that he had got rid of the big log. 'Got rid of it!' said they. 'How did you do it? It was too big to haul out, too knotty to split, and too wet and soggy to burn; what did you do?' 'Well, now, boys,' replied the farmer, 'if you won't divulge the secret, I'll tell you how I got rid of it—I plowed around it.' 'Now,' said Lincoln, 'don't tell anybody, but that's the way I got rid of Gov. —. I plowed around him, but it took me three mortal hours to do it, and I was afraid every minute he'd see what I was at.'"

PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIS SQUEALING.

Lincoln was a good judge of men and quickly learned the peculiar traits of character in those he had to deal with. I recall an anecdote by which he pointed out a marked trait in one of our northern governors. This governor was earnest, able and untiring in keeping up the war spirit in his state, and in raising and equipping troops; but he always wanted his own way, and ill brooked the restraints imposed by the necessity of conforming to a general system. Though devoted to the cause, he was at times overbearing and exacting in his intercourse with the general government. Upon one occasion he complained and protested more bitterly than usual, and warned those in authority that the execution of their orders in his state would be beset by difficulties and dangers. The tone of his dispatches gave rise to an apprehension that might not cooperate fully in the enterprise in hand. The secretary of war, therefore, laid the dispatches before the president for advice or instructions. They did not disturb Lincoln in the least. In fact, they rather amused him. After reading all the papers he said in a cheerful and reassuring tone: "Never mind, never mind, those dispatches don't mean anything. Just go right ahead. The governor is like a boy I saw once at the launching of a ship. When everything was ready they picked out a boy and sent him under the ship to knock away the trigger and let her go. At the critical moment everything depended on the boy. He had to do the job well, by a direct vigorous blow, and then lie flat and keep still while the ship slid over him. The boy did everything right, but he yelled as if he was being murdered from the time he got under the keel until he got out. I thought the hide was all scraped off his back, but he wasn't hurt at all. The master of the yard told me that this boy was always chosen for that job, that he did his work well, that he never had been hurt, but that he always squealed in that way. That's just the way with Gov. —. Make up your minds that he is not hurt, and that he is doing the work right, and pay no attention to his squealing. He only wants to make you understand how hard his task is, and that he is on hand performing it." Time proved that the president's estimate of the governor was correct.

LINCOLN ON MEADE.

Lincoln watched the operations of the armies in the field with the deepest interest, the keenest insight, and the widest comprehension. The congratulatory order which Gen. Meade published to his troops after the battle of Gettysburg was telegraphed to the war department. During those days and nights of anxiety Lincoln clung to the war office, and devoured every scrap of news as it came over the telegraph wires. He hoped for and expected substantial fruits from our dearly bought victory at Gettysburg. I saw him read Gen. Meade's congratulatory order. When he came to the sentence about "driving the invaders from our soil," an expression of disappointment settled upon his face, his hands dropped upon his knees, and in tones of anguish he exclaimed: "Drive the invaders from our soil! My God! Is that all?"

[Meade's great and recruited army had Lee's beaten or penned up for nine days at the swollen Potomac, which they could not cross, as their pontoons and bridges had all been destroyed by a raid of union cavalry, and Lincoln was intensely anxious to have Meade attack and destroy and capture them, as he easily could have

done, and thus end the war and all of its bloodshed and cost. But Meade was a timid, irresolute officer, and let the opportunity pass away unimproved. Hence Lincoln's bitter disappointment and exclamation of agony, "My God! Is that all?"]

"THERE WON'T BE ANY FUN TILL I GET THERE."

I was designated by the secretary of war as a sort of special escort to accompany the president from Washington to Gettysburg upon the occasion of the first anniversary of the battle of that place. At the appointed time I went to the white house, where I found the president's carriage at the door to take him to the station; but he was not ready. When he appeared it was rather late, and I remarked that he had no time to lose in going to the train. "Well," said he, "I feel about that as the convict in one of Illinois towns felt when he was going to the gallows. As he passed along the road in custody of the sheriff the people, eager to see the execution, kept crowding and pushing past him. It last he called out: 'Boys, you needn't be in such a hurry to get ahead; there won't be any fun till I get there.'"

Upon one occasion, when I was at the white house in the course of duty, the president, after disposing of the matter in hand, said: "You are in charge of the appointment office. I have here a bushel basketful of applications for offices in the army. I have tried to examine them all, but they have increased so rapidly that I have got behind and may have neglected some. I will send them all to your office. Overhaul them, lay those that require further action before the secretary of war, and file the others." The bushel basketful of applications came and were overhauled. They were dotted with notes, comments and queries by the president. One slip of paper—which I handed back to the president with the remark that I supposed he would not care to have it placed upon the official files—bore a memorandum in his own handwriting as follows: "This day Mrs. — called upon me. She is the wife of Major — of the regular army. She wants her husband made a brigadier general. She is a saucy little woman, and I think she will torment me till I have to do it. A. L." It was not long before that little woman's husband was appointed a brigadier general.

Lincoln's Stories.

Mr. Lincoln was undoubtedly the champion joker of the United States. When care sat heaviest on his heart and the prospect of a favorable solution of the war seemed most doubtful he would turn away from his troubles and lighten the gloom of the hour by one of those jokes which soon became national in their reputation. It was this faculty of casting away care that enabled the President to endure the wear and tear of a great war, that would have killed most men.

Many persons will, no doubt always believe that many of the jokes attributed to Mr. Lincoln were manufactured outside of the White House and laid to the great President's account. While this was partly true Mr. Lincoln did tell thousands of anecdotes, and if some credited to him were told by others, there were scores of Lincoln's jokes that have never been repeated or published.

I remember one day going to the White House with Senator Ben Wade, when Mr. Lincoln assailed us with a perfect avalanche of jokes. Mr. Wade was in a hurry, having to be at the Senate at 12 o'clock, and it was then after 11. "Sit down Mr. Wade; sit down General; I am going to tell you a story," said the jolly president.

"Mr. President, I should be most happy to listen to your story," said Mr. Wade, "but I have some little business with you this morning, and then I must go to the Senate, as it is almost the hour for it to assemble."

"Well, well, I guess you will be in time, but I want to talk to you, and if the Senate meets without you why let it meet that's all." Then turning abruptly to me, the President inquired:

"How are the people out in Kentucky?" I was then in command of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, where Mr. Lincoln had many friends.

"They are all well," I replied.

"Are they loyal now?" said Uncle Abe, with a smile.

"Sometimes they are and sometimes they are not," I replied "When they think the Union is going to win they get loyal until Lee gains a battle on the Potomac, and then when it becomes better for the Confederacy they become disloyal again."

"That reminds me of the high and the low combed cock," said Abe, "and as it is a capital story I must tell it to you."

"Now, Mr. Lincoln," said Wade, "I must be going as it is nearly 12, and I have barely time to reach the Senate before it assembles. I have a little business with you, and—"

"Sit down, sit down, man," cried Lincoln; "the Senate can assemble I say without you being there, and I must tell you this story; besides I won't be five minutes, and you can surely give me that much of your

time." Uncle Abe then related the following story, which I repeat as nearly as I can recollect in his own words:

"When I was a youngster out in Kentucky there was a chap who had a high combed cock that could lick all the roosters in the country. One day an emigrant came into settle, who said he had a low combed cock that could thrash anything in them parts, the high combed cock included. The interest became intense and the chickens were examined by all the boys. Both looked well and seemed genuine game-cocks. A meeting was arranged to come off between the cocks and the whole neighborhood was excited over it. 'Squire C——', was a noted man and very sharp. The 'Squire' was always right but no one could ever find out exactly what his beliefs were his reserved opinions being the correct ones. The 'Squire' was consulted about the roosters as he was about everything else, and putting his spectacles on he examined both roosters carefully. He said the high combed cock had the pints about him which indicated he would win, but the low combed cock was much the heaviest rooster of the two and by sheer weight might beat his antagonist. The young fellows who wanted to bet questioned the 'Squire' closely, but they could not get any nearer to his opinion of the real merits of the chickens. The day came for the battle and with it a great crowd. The 'Squire' presided, for in those days more than now racing, fighting and betting was the height of a Kentuckian's glory. Close attention was given to the 'Squire's' position on the fight, as he was both oracle and judge.

"I propose" said the 'Squire', "this yere shall be a fare fite and tharfore we will giv' three cheers for both roosters." It was done with a will, and then the fight begun. At every turn in the battle the 'Squire' would cry out: 'Hurrah for the high combed cock! Hurrah for the low combed cock!' Once he made a bet on the high combed cock but immediately hedged by betting on the low combed cock. At last, after a bloody contest, the low combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and run. Hurrah! hurrah, hurrah, for the high combed cock! Gentleman, I knew **that rooster would win in the end,**

but it is always unfair to express an opinion in a contest like this in advance of the race issou. Now gentlemen, you have had all the fun but you see that high combed rooster was bound to win. Why, look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game chicken, while that other one is only a dung-hill fowl!"

"Now" cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on

both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high and the low combed cocks, as policy dictates. If we win they will be good Union men, and if Jeff Davis were to win they would be the best rebels in the world'. General," he said seriously, "I think we have got the high combed cock in this fight. We must see to it that our rooster wins, and then in the end we will be all right.

I sat and looked in astonishment at the great man before me. I had come to Washington to explain to him my embarrassments in Kentucky on account of the anomalous position of the State and the varying temper of the people. Kentucky was then a state in the Union with a representation in our Congress, but she had sent no less than 34,000 men to the rebel army and had also a representation in the rebel Congress at Richmond. I had expected to have some difficulty in making my embarrassments understood but here was a man who knew everything, and by a simple story had not only explained my situation, but had pointed out what I should do. I related the story to Mr. Stanton, and after that always referred to the contest in Kentucky as that between two roosters. Once I wrote Mr. Wade: "Tell Mr. Lincoln our high combed cock is doing very well and can hardly fail to win. The 'Squire' bets three to one on him at present." In his next letter Wade replied: "I delivered your message to Mr. Lincoln and he laughed heartily, and told me an ant story, which you should get him to repeat to you the first time you see him."

"Blessed Old Abe, was there ever a man like him?" Certainly not in this country and I doubt if any other. * * *

One day not long after Mr. Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation, Mr. Wade came in laughing and said:

"Well, Old Abe has just done the damndest thing you ever heard of. He has given out that he has the small-pox, to keep the politicians and office-seekers away from the White House."

The story ran thus:

Mr. Wade went to the White House to see Lincoln, who had been ill. He found the President a little pale, but jolly as ever.

"Now Wade," he said, you are not to repeat this outside, for it would give offense, and it by no manner of means comports with the dignity which is supposed to hedge a President about. The doctor put it up to rid myself of a bore; I ought not to have done it, but I couldn't help it, for it was so funny. You know I have been ill, and a great many people have wondered what ailed me, but none of them could find out. The truth is I was worried to death and talk'd sick pretty much by one man, the most everlasting bore you ever saw, who wanted an office. I knew

he would come again as soon as I was able to sit up. I only got out yesterday, and sure enough this morning he called on me. I had determined to be polite to him, but he staid so long the humor seized me and I sent for the doctor. Giving him the wink, I held out my hand and said:

"Doctor what marks are those on my hand?"

"That's varioloid or mild small-pox" said the doctor.

"Well," said I, "it's all over me. Its contagious is it not doctor?"

"Very contagious indeed, and you should see no one."

My visitor who had been getting more and more nervous every moment, now could stand it no longer, and rising said:

"Well Mr. Lincoln I can't stop any longer. I just called to see how you were," and then he started to hurry out.

"Stop a minute I want to talk with you about that office," said I.

"Excuse me, Mr. President. You are not well this morning and I won't bother you," said he shoving toward the door.

"Never mind," said I: "don't be in a hurry. It's all right, and if you are going to get the varioloid you will get it now anyhow; so you might as well sit down."

"Thank you sir, but I'll call again," he replied, fairly turning livid and executing a masterly retreat from the fearful contagion with which he supposed me to be afflicted.

"Now," said Uncle Abe, "it will be

all over the city in an hour that I have the small-pox, and you can contradict the story, but I want you to promise you won't repeat what I've just told you."

Wade laughed until he was weak and when he could get his breath sufficiently to speak he looked at the clock, as was his custom, and said:

"Now for a little business, and then I will go."

"Don't go," cried Uncle Abe, and laying his head in his hands on the desk in front of him, he laughed until he shook all over. Presently raising up his face from between his hands he wiped his eyes and blew his nose until the report sounded like the winding of a horn. After another fit of laughing he said:

"Wade, you should have seen him and how scared he was. I'll bet that fellow never comes back here while I am President."

As might have been expected, Mr. Wade had hardly left the White House when he heard the President had the small-pox and was very sick. Wade promptly contradicted the report, but that night it was telegraphed all over the country and many people will yet remember the story of Mr. Lincoln's having the small-pox during the war.

Commenting on the report, Uncle Abe said to Wade: "Some people said they could not take my proclamation very well but when I get the small-pox, Wade, I shall then be happy to say I have something every body can take."

JAMES S. BRISBIN.

A STRANGE HERO SAVES THREE LIVES



HE dutiful and forgiving son hovered about, doing any odd work he could find in that neighborhood, in order to be near his father's family. In the fall they were all seized with fever and ague and felt as though they had made a poor exchange for the "milk-sick." Thomas Lincoln vowed that as soon as he was able he'd "git out o' thar!" He did move again, to Coles County, the following spring. Their first winter in Illinois was a terrible season, always referred to for many years as "the winter of the deep snow." It was bitterly cold also, and many of the people and cattle of that sparsely settled country either froze or starved to death.

Early in the spring of 1831, Abraham, John Hanks and John Johnston were engaged by a "merchant-adventurer," named Offutt, to build a boat to take corn, hogs and pork in barrels to sell in New Orleans. This was Lincoln's second trip to the Crescent City. On the way their flatboat caught on Rutledge's dam at New Salem, and the first sight the people of that village ever had of the young man who afterwards lived among them for six years was while he was making a new and ingenious device for getting the boat over the dam, and wading about "with his trousers rolled up five feet, more or less," while doing it. It was on this trip that he was said to have seen a beautiful octoroon girl sold in open market, and to have exclaimed about slavery: "If I ever get a chance at that thing I'll hit it hard!"

While building this flatboat Lincoln became very popular with the men living along the Sangamon river by telling his funny stories. It took a month to build the boat, so he told a great many, morning, noon and night. Before they launched the boat the spring freshet had raised the Sangamon till it overflowed the surrounding prairies and was "booming at a great rate." Two of the men got into the swift current in a "dugout" canoe and would have drowned but for Lincoln's wise and ready directions from the shore. They had just managed to climb into a tree when the "dugout" was torn away from them by the swift current. A young man tried to rescue them by floating out upon a log tied by a long rope to the bank, all under the management of Lincoln, but the venturesome youth only added himself to the number in the tree to be rescued by the newcomer's ingenuity and courage.

John Roll, one of the young men who worked with Lincoln, thus tells the close of the thrilling story in Miss Tarbell's "Life of Abraham Lincoln":

The excitement on shore increased, and almost the whole population of the village gathered on the river bank. Lincoln had the log pulled up the stream, and, securing another piece of rope, called to the men in the tree to catch it if they could when he should reach the tree. He then straddled the log himself and gave the word to push out into the stream. When he dashed into the tree he threw the rope over the stump of a broken limb, and let it play until he broke the speed of the log, and gradually drew it back to the tree, holding it there until the three now nearly frozen men had climbed down and seated themselves astride. He then gave orders to the people on the shore to hold fast to the end of the rope which was tied to the log, and leaving his rope in the tree he turned the log adrift. The force of the current, acting against the taut rope, swung the log around against the bank and all 'on board' were saved.

The excited people, who had watched the dangerous experiment with alternate hope and fear, now broke into cheers for Abe Lincoln, and praises for his brave act. This adventure made quite a hero of him along the Sangamon, and the people never tired of telling of the exploit.



"He threw the rope over"

RECALLS JOKES GANG PLAYED ON LINCOLN

"Emancipator" Friend of
Children, Senator Dubois
Says in Article.

BY H. B. GAUSS.

Special Dispatch from a Staff Correspondent
Washington, D. C., Sept. 21.—Personal recollections of early days in Springfield, Ill., when Abraham Lincoln was made the good-natured victim of pranks by the boys of the town, are contained in an article by former Senator Fred T. Dubois, of Idaho, in the current issue of the National Republic magazine. His first-hand impressions, gained from the period when his father, Jesse K. D. Dubois, and Lincoln were close social and political friends, furnish additional testimony of the lovable traits of Illinois' martyred president which won for him the coveted title of the children's friend. The Dubois family residence at that time, he explained, was on Eighth street in Springfield, in the middle of the block, just below Mr. Lincoln's home.

"At the time I was a boy, we youngsters of the neighborhood used to have great fun playing a prank on Mr. Lincoln," the 76-year-old senator declared. "He never was too busy or so worried that he did not have time for this frolic with the boys of the neighborhood, and I think none of us can ever recall a cross or petulant word which he uttered."

"The gang," as it would probably be called to-day, "which made the young lawyer who later became their honored president a partner in their boyhood play, included in its membership Dick Burch, grandson of Jesse B. Thomas, first United States senator from Illinois, "the Spriggs boys; Jim and Joe Kent; Al Arnold; Cook Irwin, Billy Baker, Mart Uhler, Al Kamp, China Conners, Ed. McClermand, Henry Remann, and the Lincoln boys."

Boys of Gangs Prank at Lincoln.

This bunch of red-blooded boys would tie a string from the elm tree to the fence at just the proper height to strike Mr. Lincoln's plug hat," Senator Dubois continued. "He always went uptown after supper for his mail, and returned early between 8 and 9 o'clock. We would gleefully hide around the corner of the wall and breathlessly wait for the string to come in contact with his hat."

"It may be interesting to explain that after his debates with Douglas, and up to his nomination for the presidency, he was always absorbed in deep thought when alone. He would walk down the street to his house with his hands folded behind his back, paying no heed to anything, and when his high hat came in contact with the string it broke up his reverie and would startle him for a moment."

"Then he would look around and find the boys. We would all set up a great shout, and instead of running away from him, as you might expect, we would run up to him and cling to his hands and legs and make a mighty noise. We were very happy."

"Smiling at us in a fatherly sort of way, he would slowly walk up the street with us until he came to a grocery store, Webster's grocery, and would treat us to cakes and nuts, and then we would escort him back to his home. He never was too busy or so worried that he did not have time for this frolic with the boys of the neighborhood. I think none of us can ever recall a cross or petulant word which he uttered."

Lincoln Would Turn Tables.

Frequently, Lincoln turned the tables on his youthful associates. For instance, there is the episode related by Senator Dubois concerning his brother:

"My eldest brother was named after Lincoln," he explained. "On one occasion Mr. Lincoln made a remark to him that tormented him until he was a grown man."

"When Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas were carrying on their campaign for the United States senate in 1856, brother Linc, who was then a lad of 12 or 13, joined the crowd which pressed forward to greet Mr. Lincoln after one of his speeches. When Linc got up close to Mr. Lincoln and extended his hand, Mr. Lincoln took it, smiled benignly at the lad, stopped the procession and looked over the crowd and said.

"Son, it has always been a problem in my mind as to who was named after me first, you or the bull calf owned by Bill Green down in Jersey county."

"You can well imagine how the crowd laughed at the expense of brother Linc," Senator Dubois concludes.

Lincoln's Kindness.

One of the many examples of Abraham Lincoln's kind-hearted nature recently came to light among the papers on file in the War Department. It was a letter from a young woman in a Western State asking for the return of her sweetheart who was at the time a soldier in the Union army. In a pathetic manner she told how at the beginning of the war she became engaged, and how her lover had gone to the front promising to return at the close of the war and make her his bride. Over a year had passed, the war continued, and her lover was lying wounded in a hospital. The young woman said if the soldier in question did not return at once she would die of a broken heart. Whether or not the two lovers were ever reunited the department records do not show, but the paper bears evidence that the appeal touched the heart of the War President, for across the back is written in his own handwriting: "Let him go to her.—A. Lincoln."

Points for Parents

By EDYTH THOMAS WALLACE



Son: "I found this story of Abraham Lincoln's life in the library. Wasn't he a fine man?"

Father: "He surely was, son. He had many fine qualities it would be well for us to imitate."



Mr. Smith: "I'll bet 'if Abe Lincoln were living in this day, he wouldn't walk five miles to return a woman's change."

Mr. Jones: "I've always rather doubted that story, anyway."

The destruction of a child's heroes is a high price to pay in order to satisfy an adult's desire to appear sophisticated.

INDIANAPOLIS NEWS, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12,

Lincoln Lore Familiar to All, but Time Embellishes Anecdotes

Everybody knows the birthday of Abraham Lincoln and it's no news that its appearance in February helps make this a patriotic month. A lot of biographical facts about this outstanding figure in history aren't news, either, because so many people know so much about them.

But how many things do you know that aren't so? Here are some observations compiled at the central public library:

For instance, Lincoln was not the principal speaker at the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg. The publicized attraction on the program, according to the public library, was Edward Everett, far-famed New England orator, who spoke one and one-half hours. Lincoln's immortal address covered four minutes and it's reported he thought the brief talk had been a failure.

Few persons know Lincoln had to deal with the dictator problem as President. He discussed it with characteristic frankness in a letter to General Hooker January 26, 1863:

"I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recent saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course, it was

not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictatorships. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship."

Furthermore, Lincoln's leadership of the Union in the civil war has obscured his southern origin. His native Kentucky was part of Virginia not so many years before he was born, and the bulk of its population had migrated from the Old Dominion.

Lincoln was superstitious and regarded dreams as omens. On the other hand, the Bible was one of the favorite books of his maturity, along with Shakespeare and Burns.

Despite many Lincoln biographies, few have been produced which interpret thoroughly his life and thought. What promised to be a definitive life of Lincoln was undertaken by the late Senator Albert J. Beveridge and was to be on the same scale as his monumental life of Marshall. However, only two volumes had been completed when Beveridge died in 1927. The second part of a definite work by Carl Sanburg, "Lincoln of the War Years," has just been published.

A LINCOLN STORY

Arthur Brisbane told this one at a Rotary luncheon recently:

It seems New Yorkers were much disturbed at the inadequacy of defense in New York harbor. They felt a war vessel should be built and anchored in the harbor to insure greater protection. A committee was sent to Washington to talk with Lincoln, then President.

The chairman of the committee explained the growth of the great city, the vast amount of wealth that was being accumulated, and cited this as a reason why greater protection should be given.

The Great Emancipator smiled and said: "Gentlemen, if it is true that there is so much wealth in New York why do not you New Yorkers build a battleship for yourselves?"

A man with a tan hat and a big diamond in his shirt front recently approached a clerk who was making thirty dollars a week and had saved in two years one hundred and fifty dollars. He told about the wonderful opportunity which he had taken advantage of in oil well properties in Texas; of the amount of money he had made. Then he dwelt on new properties to be developed and finally exchanged a yellow and green certificate for the one hundred and fifty dollars that had been saved.

Unlike Lincoln, the clerk did not say, "If you have made so much why not develop these new oil wells yourself?" He just fell for "blue-sky" conversation.

Hundreds of millions every year are taken from savings banks, out of cupboards, and handed over to unscrupulous promoters. It shouldn't be.

Let us, Like Lincoln, learn to say, "Gentlemen, why not build that battleship yourselves."

Education is not received; it is achieved.—Field Notes.

The late Robert G. Ingersoll, in one of his lectures, gave an amusing account of an incident that occurred on the day Lincoln went for the members of his cabinet to read to them for the first time the Emancipation Proclamation he had prepared. Chase was the first to arrive, and saw the President deeply engrossed in a book. Looking up, the President smiled and asked: "Chase did you ever read this book?" "What book is it," inquired Chase. "It's Artemus Ward," replied Lincoln. "Let me read you this chapter, entitled 'Wax Wurs in Albany.'" He began reading while the other members of the cabinet came in one by one. Stanton became impatient and told the President that he was in a great hurry, and if any business was to be done he would like it to be done at once. Lincoln laid down the book, reached into a drawer in his desk, took out a manuscript and said: "Gentlemen, I have called you together to notify you of what I have determined to do—I want no advice. Nothing can change my mind."

"He then read the Proclamation of Emancipation—Chase thought there ought to be something about God at the close, to which Lincoln replied: 'Put it in, it won't hurt it.' It was also agreed that the President would wait for a victory in the field before giving the Proclamation to the world."

"The meeting was over, the members went their way. Mr. Chase was the last to go, and as he went through the door looked back and saw that Lincoln had taken up the book and was again engrossed in 'The Wax Wurs at Albany.'"

1521

TWO NEW STORIES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From the Philadelphia News.

Benson J. Lossing, the historian, was well acquainted with President Lincoln, and some time after the president had issued his famous proclamation of emancipation the historian traveled to Washington for the purpose of procuring a photograph of it, as it was written throughout in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting. Arriving at the white house Mr. Lossing first stated his mission to Mr. Hay, the president's secretary, who at once promised to grant the request if the president was agreeable. Mr. Lossing then went to see Mr. Lincoln. The president was in a merry and jovial mood, and, of course, he said he was willing that the proclamation should be photographed for Mr. Lossing.

"But there is one thing I want to draw your attention to," he said, holding up the precious document. "You see here it commences in bold letters, 'I, Abraham Lincoln,' etc., but you will notice that the last paragraph has the appearance of having been written in a trembling and irresolute manner; therefore you might infer that after I had written the proclamation I weakened in my good resolution and became afraid, but I was not afraid a bit. It happened this way. After I had written all the proclamation, with the exception of the last paragraph, I determined that I would not write that and sign it until I had thought the matter over. In the meantime I held one of my public receptions, during which I was obliged to shake hands with 2,000 or 3,000 people, consequently when I sat down to write the last paragraph of the proclamation my hand was weak and tired and trembled much—indeed,

"I could scarcely write at all—but I was not afraid."

Inspiring Scene at Grace M. E. Church Last Night—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

At Grace Methodist Episcopal church last evening the Rev. Robert McIntyre preached upon the coming election, taking for his subject "The Voter and His Ballot."

The reverend gentleman delivered an eloquent sermon, crowded with patriotic fire and lofty sentiment. After enlarging on the glorious privilege of being an American citizen and free born the speaker adverted to the days before and during the war when an entire race lived beneath the starry banner in the bonds of slavery, and related an incident connected with Abraham Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

"Lincoln," he said, "after the document was written kept its existence a secret from his entire cabinet, with the exception of Stanton. He was anxious to see its effect upon the colored people himself before giving it to the world, so he ordered three colored regiments to parade at the capitol, and gave the document into the hands of a professional elocutionist to read. The president, accompanied by his cabinet officers, who were still ignorant of his purpose, stood at the top of the stairs with the colored troops drawn up before him, and the elocutionist began to read the document, whose burning words will never die while the stars gem the heavens. As the magnificent periods rolled forth and the meaning of them began to dawn upon the dusky hearers, war-worn soldiers began to tremble with suppressed excitement, and the tears coursed down the ebony faces of straggle men who had taken up arms in defense of the government. At length when the paragraph was reached which smote the shackles from 4,000,000 people one negro giant away down the line in a magnificently mellow plantation voice began to sing 'My country 'tis of thee.'"

At this point the congregation, which had been worked up to a high pitch of excitement by the vivid word-picture of the pastor, sprang to its feet and "My country, 'tis of thee" rang out through the church and swelled up through the vaulted dome in a flood of harmony such as has probably never been heard within its sacred precincts before. The people sang with their hearts as well as their throats, and the earnestness shown was a guaranty that no voter in that vast audience will go to the polls to-morrow and prostitute his sacred privilege of an honest franchise.

THE SHAKING OF HIS HAND

The roll containing the Emancipation Proclamation was taken to Mr. Lincoln at noon on the first day of January, 1863, by Secretary Seward and his son Frederick. As it lay unrolled before him, Mr. Lincoln took a pen, dipped it in the ink, moved his hand to the place for the signature, held it a moment, then removed his hand and dropped the pen. After a little hesitation he again took up the pen and went through the same movement as before. Mr. Lincoln then turned to Mr. Seward, and said:

"I have been shaking hands since 9 o'clock this morning, and my right arm is almost paralyzed. If my name ever goes into history it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say, 'He hesitated.'"

He then turned to the table, took up the pen again, and slowly, firmly wrote "Abraham Lincoln," with which the whole world is now familiar. He then looked up, smiled, and said, "That will do."

* * * * *

1521

TWO GOOD STORIES OF LINCOLN

How He Spent a Day Trying to Get a Hearing in the Pension Office.

It was a blistering day in the hot mid-summer of 1861, a fortnight before the first shock of arms at Bull Run. The Washington streets, ankle-deep in dust, resounded with tramp of arriving regiments and batteries hurried forward by the loyal governors for the coming conflict, and over all hung a palpable, ominous foreboding, felt nowhere more keenly than at the headquarters of the army, where I then held the position of military secretary to General Scott, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the day in question the doorway was darkened by the shadow of a tall, gaunt form, and President Lincoln entered the office of the general-in-chief. He wore a long linen duster, soiled by dust and stained with sweat, his vest unbuttoned, his pantaloons hung limp about his long, angular legs, and a thick coating of dust covered his shoes. All in all, he looked the very picture of weariness and disgust. Without waiting for General Scott to rise to welcome him he sank wearily into the first chair to which he came, and, taking off his battered slouch hat, began wiping his face with a huge bandanna handkerchief. General Scott, meanwhile, had gained his feet and bowed courteously to the chief magistrate, but his fine old face showed plainly his surprise, if not dismay, at the president's unexpected appearance.

"Sit down, General, sit down," said President Lincoln kindly as he wiped the dust and moisture from his face. "It is too hot to stand on ceremony. I have only dropped in to tell you that I have learned something new today."

"What is that, Mr. President?" asked General Scott, his composure gradually returning.

LINCOLN REFUSED AN AUDIENCE.

"That it is a great thing to be an office-holder," President Lincoln went on. "Since 9 o'clock this morning I have been trying my best to get an audience with some clerk in the pension office, but without success. I have been upstairs and downstairs, from the ground floor to the attic half a dozen times, and I am completely fagged out."

"Pardon me, Mr. President," General Scott broke in with a gentle wave of the hand, "but it is rather an uncommon thing for the president of the United States to become a solicitor of pensions. When you have any business of that kind demanding attention send it to me, and Colonel Hamilton here will be glad to attend to it without delay."

"I am sure that the claim is a just one," the president continued, without noticing the general's interruption, "for I have gone over the papers in the case with care. Here he drew a bulky package of papers from one of his pockets and adjusting his steel rimmed spectacles went over them one by one. "You see, general, the applicant is the widow of a corporal of infantry, who was killed by the Indians some twenty-five years ago. She would have had her money long ago, but nobody seems to have taken any interest in the case. She has been haunting the white house almost daily for weeks, until, between you and me, I am afraid that Mrs. Lincoln is getting a trifle jealous. I am resolved to wind the matter up one way or another today, and I have promised the poor woman an answer at 4 o'clock. She is waiting over at the white house now. Between the two of them I am afraid to go home without

having finished the job," and the president's eyes twinkled merrily.

I had been an interested listener to this conversation, and when General Scott called "Colonel Hamilton" I was instantly at his elbow.

"How long do you think it would take you, colonel, to get the case through the pension office," asked the president.

"It should be done in half an hour, Mr. President," I replied, as I glanced over the papers to see if they were in the proper form. "Wait here," I added, "and I will return in twenty minutes, or, if you wish it, I will take the certificate to you at the white house, and save you that much time."

"No, no, my son," Mr. Lincoln broke in. "Bring them back here, and I will wait for you."

At that time the pension office was located in Seventeenth street, a little way from the War department, and five minutes after leaving the president I was in the office of the commissioner. I had not arrived a moment too soon, for the officials and clerks were cleaning up their desks and preparing to quit work for the day. The commissioner politely asked what he could do for me.

"Did you see a tall, dark complexioned gentleman here today?" I answered. "He wore a linen duster and slouch hat, and was interested in the pension of a woman who lost her husband in the Seminole war."

"Oh, yes, I remember the man," the commissioner replied carelessly. "He said he was a lawyer from the west and has been bothering us all day."

"Well," said I dryly, "you have got yourself in a pretty fix. That man is President Lincoln and I have just promised him that I would bring him an answer from you inside of half an hour. He is waiting for it now in General Scott's office."

The change worked in the pension office by this brief announcement was nothing less than marvelous. Bells were rung, heads of divisions sent for and desks hastily unlocked, while clerks and messengers ran here and there at the peril of life and limb. A dozen times, while giving orders to his subordinates, the commissioner passed to apologize for the shabby treatment the president had received and to beg me to explain to him that it was all a mistake. Within twenty minutes all the statements and affidavits had been verified and the case certified for payment. Before the promised half hour had expired everything had been properly signed and executed and I had placed the final papers in the hands of the president. He looked them over carefully to make sure that they were right and then, with a quizzical smile spread over his face, asked: "Can you tell me, Colonel Hamilton, how it is that I was so long and failed, and you were so short and succeeded?"

"To speak frankly, Mr. President," I said, "I very promptly informed the commissioner of pensions that it was the president who had made himself the champion of this poor woman's case. You could not do that, of course, and they did not know you there, sir."

The president laughed heartily, put the papers in his pocket and turning to General Scott said:

"I am told, general, that is one of your standing rules, that when the president or a member of the cabinet comes to see you a member of your staff shall keep him company on his return home. I should be glad to have Colonel Hamilton go back with me today."

Accordingly, I walked with the president to the white house, and on the portico we found an old Irish woman waiting for Mr. Lincoln. He went up to her and, handing her the papers, said:

"Here you are, my good woman. Your pension is all right, and all you need to do is to go tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock and get the money. But from my own experience today I would advise you not to go before 10 o'clock. If you do you won't find the officers there."

The poor creature caught the president's hand and covered it with kisses, at the same time showering a thousand blessings on her benefactor's head.

"Don't thank me," he answered, kindly, as he gently freed himself from her grasp. "This young man deserves all the thanks."

And he stepped aside and seemed to keenly enjoy the good-bye with which the old woman poured her store of benedictions upon me. Then remarking that he must go and tell Mrs. Lincoln that it was all right, he bade me good day and hurried away.

IN THE days when Lincoln occupied the White House, the yard of a primary and intermediate school adjoined the rear of the White House grounds. Occasionally President Lincoln might be seen leaning on the fence which separated the grounds, watching the boys at play.

One day, one of the teachers, after giving the boys a talk on personal neatness, requested them to make a special effort the next day to come to school with hair neatly combed, clothes brushed, hands carefully washed, and otherwise to present as neat an appearance as possible. She particularly asked that each boy have his shoes blacked.

All the boys endeavored to do as she requested. Among them was a one-armed little chap, John S. John came to school with his shoes shining brightly, but he had shined them with stove blacking. It was the only kind in the house, and as John was only nine years old, it probably made little difference to him what he used so long as his shoes were blacked. That is, it made little difference until the boys began to jeer and ridicule him.

The boys were having a fine time, and poor John, who was a sensitive little fellow, was on the verge of tears when suddenly the jeering ceased. Leaning on the fence watching the boys and listening to their jibes was the President.

Lincoln said not a word to the boys, but in his deliberate manner, walked through the yard into the schoolhouse. From the teacher he learned that John's father had been killed in the war and that John's mother had hard work to make a living for herself and three children. He also learned that John was a manly little fellow, thoughtful of others, and eager to help, so far as he was able.

The next day when John came to school he presented quite a transformed appearance. He wore a new suit of clothes, and, also, a new pair of shoes, which had been

blackened with the proper blacking. The boys, surmising that the President had had something to do with the change in John's appearance, crowded around him eager to know what had happened. John, duly impressed with his momentary importance, told the boys that President Lincoln and his wife and another lady had called at his home the afternoon before. Leaving the two ladies, the President had taken John to a clothing store and had bought him two suits of clothes and a pair of shoes. While they were gone the ladies had made some inquiries of John's mother, and later in the afternoon Mrs. Lincoln had sent clothing for his two sisters. Still later in the afternoon a supply of groceries and a ton of coal had come, sent by the President.

As soon as John could get away from the boys he hurried into the school room and handed the teacher a slip of paper which Mr. Lincoln had asked him to give to her, with the request that she have the words written thereon placed on the blackboard where all might see them. On the paper Mr. Lincoln had written, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

When Mr. Lincoln next visited the school, although several weeks had elapsed, the verse was still there. Mr. Lincoln read the words, then turning to the boys, he said, "Boys, I have another quotation from the Bible, and I hope you will learn it and come to know its truth as I have known and felt it." Then he walked to the blackboard, picked up a piece of crayon, and just below the other words, wrote, "It is more blessed to give than to receive. A. Lincoln."

The boys had learned to respect and love the President, and this incident made a deep impression upon them.

Fed. 11, 1937 Sunday Ledger.
An Attic Salt Shaker

By W. Orton Tewson

MANY are the stories told about Abraham Lincoln when he was a practicing lawyer. On one occasion he was defending a man who had killed a dog with a pitchfork when the dog attacked him. During Lincoln's cross-examination of the complainant—a farmer—the latter asked Mr. Lincoln why his client had not used the other end of the pitchfork.

"Why didn't your dog use his other end?" came back Lincoln, an argument the dullest mind would grasp and retain.

◆ ◆ ◆

NO MAN had a greater respect for real learning than Lincoln, but for the display article he had naught but contempt. Once a lawyer arrayed against him made use of a Latin maxim for the evident purpose of impressing his hearers or to perplex Mr. Lincoln, to whom he said:

"Is not that so?"

"If that is Latin," dryly said Lincoln, "I think you had better call another witness."

◆ ◆ ◆

AND here's one told by Emil Ludwig in his *Life of Lincoln*:

"You are called J. Parker Green. What does 'J' mean?" Lincoln inquired of a witness against his client.

"'J' means John."

"Is that so? But why don't you call yourself John P. Green, just like other folks!"

The sally made the jury smile. While Lincoln played pitch and toss with the witness' two Christian names, his victim's prestige was being undermined with the jury.

◆ ◆ ◆

A LAWYER owed a wealthy man \$2.50, and since he would not pay up, the angry creditor decided to sue for the amount. Lincoln tried to dissuade him, saying:

"It will cost you more than you will get out of it."

"That does not matter."

"Very well, then: you must pay me a fee of \$10 right away."

Thereupon Lincoln called on his colleague, told him what had happened, shared the \$10 with him, and made him pay up his debt of \$2.50.

◆ ◆ ◆

ONE of my favorite Lincoln stories is told by Mrs. Lincoln's niece, Katherine Helm, in "*Mary, Wife of Lincoln*." One day at Springfield, Ill., Lincoln was playing with the baby — pretending to be a pony pulling the baby wagon. Somehow or other, and without knowing it, he dumped the little driver, who was left kicking and squalling in the gutter.

Mrs. Lincoln, coming up the street at that moment and seeing the catastrophe, screamed and ran to the little fellow's assistance, and who could blame her if she said a sharp word to the father, so immersed in thought that he did not know he had spilled his baby? Lincoln did not wait to hear all that Mary had to say, his long legs taking him out of sight with great celerity.

Lincoln's Ax Stilled to Tell Yarns

PUEBLO, Colo., May 12—(UP) —Guy Wringe, 96, Pueblo pensioner, gets his chief enjoyment today from recalling the days when he split rails with Abraham Lincoln and knew Mark Twain and John D. Rockefeller.

Lincoln, according to Wringe, was a handy man with the ax, but given to stopping his labors to tell stories.

"He would be working away," Wringe relates, "and all of a sudden he would say, 'that reminds me,' and then he would begin telling some story he had thought of. He was a great one to tell tales."

He split rails with Lincoln in an Illinois cedar swamp.

Wringe was acquainted with John D. Rockefeller, Sr., when the latter was getting his start in the oil business in Illinois.

Mark Twain, the novelist, was a reporter on a Virginia City newspaper when Wringe knew him.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE

In the February Atlantic Mr. Alexander Woollcott tells an anecdote. Professor Harold Laski is his first authority. The late Justice Holmes used to take flowers to Arlington every Sept. 13, anniversary of the birthday of Major Gen. Sedgwick, commander of the division in which Holmes's regiment, the Twentieth Massachusetts, served. On several of these visits Laski went with him and tried to elicit reminiscences of the war by asking elementary questions. Were the gentlemen from the South ever dangerously near Washington? How near? Where were they?

From the heights of Arlington the justice waved with his stick "towards the point of attack on Fort Stevens." With a laugh he said that the last person who ~~had~~ asked him "Where are they?" was Mr. Lincoln. The President was inspecting the defenses and Holmes was his guide. Mr. Lincoln stood up, monumentally tall, crowned with a monumental stovepipe. The gentlemen from the South began to shoot. The young Federal officer instinctively pulled him under cover. In his excitement he addressed him in the highly non-Beaconian phrase: "Get down, you fool!"

If the young officer couldn't forgive himself for the form in which his fear for his companion's life clothed itself, the President was characteristically tolerant and humorous:

Just as Lincoln was quitting the fort, he took the trouble to walk back. "Good-bye, Colonel Holmes," he said. "I'm glad to see you know how to talk to a civilian."

An extraordinary story, but was Professor Laski's memory faithful? We needn't repeat the easy verification, historical and military, of Lincoln's visit to the defenses. Laski was innocent of dates. General Early's raid on Washington in July, 1864, was clearly the occasion of the anecdote. Grant had sent the Nineteenth Corps from Louisiana and the Sixth Corps from the siege of Richmond to the defense of Washington, which had been manned only by civilians or convalescent soldiers from the hospitals. Lincoln visited the defenses and had been warned not to expose himself to fire. The book said that, but how did Holmes get in charge of Mr. Lincoln?

Mr. Woollcott found the answer in a biography of the justice. After his convalescence from the wound he had received at Chancellorsville,

he did not rejoin the Twentieth but, marked for light duty and breveted a lieutenant colonel by way of consolation, was assigned instead as A. D. C. to General Horatio Wright. That was in January, '64. In May Wright was put in command of the Sixth Corps.

"So Holmes was A. D. C. to the general commanding" the defenses at Washington. He was mustered out on July 17, but Early's raid was done for by July 13. To Mr. Woollcott it seems an "*a priori* probability" that Holmes was on the parapets when Lincoln came and that it was his duty as the commanding general's aide to accompany the President on his rounds. But what is the need of a *a priori* probability? Mr. Woollcott told the story to Professor Frankfurter, who said rather discouragingly that he had heard it before. From whom? "Why, I heard it from Justice Holmes."

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LINCOLN AND THE BOY

THIS Lincoln anecdote comes from the widow of the late Captain Charles Clifford Morrison, Ordnance Corps, United States Army, who died on Governors Island, New York Harbor, in May, 1894.

It seems that Captain Morrison's highest boyish ambition had always been for an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point, and as his older brother, Campbell Morrison, had already received an appointment from the Congressman of their home district at Cincinnati, Charles directed his energies toward securing letters of introduction and commendation from his influential friends in Ohio, to the President, determined to gain if possible his appointment from Mr. Lincoln.

Fortified with his bundle of letters, he sought an interview at the White House in the early spring of 1865. The doorkeeper was inclined to turn the boy away; but Mr. Lincoln, happening to pass through the hall at the moment, directed that he should be admitted to his private office. Young Morrison made his appeal in earnest but halting words. He was only sixteen, and small for his years.

The President, noting his embarrassment, sought to place him at his ease, and while taking up the package of letters he said with his strong, gentle voice, and kindly smile, "Well, son, so you want to go to West Point, and wish me to help you get there. Is that it? Now suppose we sit right down here on the floor and take the skins off these things," referring to the papers Morrison had brought with him.

Together the great man and the small boy squatted tailor fashion on the rug in front of the official desk. As the President glanced from letter to letter, he patted the young aspirant for military honors on the shoulder and spoke approving and encouraging words. Suddenly he looked up and said:

"Boy, do you realize that I have only ten appointments to give, and that there are at least a thousand applicants? Now what chance do you suppose you have?"

Promptly the answer came, "Just one in a hundred, Mr. President."

Mr. Lincoln clapped his hands and responded, "Good arithmetic! You shall go! I will make a note of it now," then dismissing his young visitor, who walked away with happy hopes of soon realizing the most cherished dream of his life.

Only a few days later came the awful tragedy. Fortunately, among the papers on the President's desk was found the memorandum noting that Charles C. Morrison of Cincinnati, Ohio, should have an early appointment at West Point, and later it came to young Morrison from President Johnson.

Lincoln Helps a Little Girl Earn Missionary Money

Once upon a time there lived a little girl in a little town in New York State.

She lived with her father and her mother and her brothers in a real old-fashioned, homey home, where guests liked to come. One of the guests who liked to come was the great Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. The little girl was always very happy when he came, and she used to like to sit in his lap and talk to him. She called him "Uncle Abe," and he often called her "Sissie," though her real name was Julia.

One time, when the President was visiting at Julia's home, Julia was counting the money in her missionary box. Mr. Lincoln watched her for a moment, and then asked, "What are you doing over there?"

"I'm counting my missionary money, Uncle Abe," replied Julia.

Mr. Lincoln put his hand in his pocket and pulled out something and held it toward Julia. Julia drew back her box.

"Oh, no, I can't take that, Uncle Abe," she said earnestly. "I have to earn all the money I put in this box."

The next day, when he was ready to start for the train, he said to Julia, "I wonder if you couldn't walk down to the depot with me, Julia?"

As they started down the street together, Abraham Lincoln shifted his valise to the other hand. It was an old-fashioned valise with two handles.

"Do you suppose," he said, "that you could help me carry by valise? It's pretty heavy."

Julia took hold of one of the handles, and they carried it between them all the way to the depot, talking gayly as they went. At the depot the President took the valise, and pulled a shining coin out of his pocket, holding it out to the little girl.

"There, Julia," he said, "now you've earned your missionary money."

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Abe!"

And then he went away on the train, and Julia ran home with the shining coin clutched tight in her hand. She thought it was the very brightest penny she had ever seen, and she hurried to put it into the missionary box, where it would be safe and sound.

The next Sunday, at Sunday school, the missionary boxes were opened.

"How much money did you have in your

missionary box, Julia?" asked the superintendent.

"Eighty-two cents," answered the little girl, without any hesitation.

"Are you sure that was all you had? Where did this come from?" she was asked and she saw the bright penny that the President had given her.

"Oh, that's the money Uncle Abe gave me!" she answered eagerly. "I earned it helping him carry his valise."

The shining coin was a \$5 gold piece, and this is a true story of how Abraham Lincoln helped a little girl to earn her missionary money. I know that it is true, because the little girl, who is a little girl no longer, told me the story herself—Exchange.

The Truants

By Jessica Pryse Arthur

Forward 11-12-1927

IT was a beautiful October morning. The maples and oaks in the river woods were most gorgeously bedight, and the foam churned up by the old mill wheel seemed to reflect the coloring in rainbow spray.

In the Rutledge inn where Abraham Lincoln was the beloved boarder, mother and the girls were very busy with great iron pots of apple butter simmering down in sweet cider. Corn was being soaked in lye water for hominy. The south veranda was festooned with long strings of sour-apple slices drying in the wind and sun. They portended a series of marvelous winter apple pies. The big cellar held rows of barrels, filled with apples of every hue and flavor.

When the apples would be out of the way next month, the fat pigs in the clover pasture, now wallowing among rotten apples and ears of corn, would be turned into bacon, ham—sugar-cured and hickory-smoked—and into stone crocks of snowy leaf lard. There would be kegs of salt pork in brine, and strings of sausage sewed up in cheesecloth bags.

Next, the two-year-old steers and nine-months-old calves would be attended to. The combination of sweet milk, Indian corn, and clover hay, made the meats of the inn famous for miles around.

That morning the children were walking with lagging steps, headed for the log schoolhouse down the River Road. Billy was kicking up clouds of dust and going out of his way to wade through old mud puddles in low places. He was wearing for the first time his new red-topped, brass-toed boots. They were several inches too long, as were Sally's, also. The cobbler had been on his rounds, and had spent two weeks at the inn. Sally was devoutly thankful that Billy always wore out his yearly boots by next barefoot time. If he had merely outgrown them, she might have fallen heir to Billy's boots. As it was, she, too, had new shoes.

"Billy-boy," she was saying just now, "you are making your new boots look old. What will mother say? Just see how mine shine, and hear them squeak like little mice in the corner of nights."

"If I don't muddy my own boots, the big boys at school will throw mud on them. O Sally, I just hate to be shut up in school this nice day. Those benches are so high my feet dangle all day, and they get as prickly as the needles in Anne's strawberry emery cushion."

Billy came close to Sally, and whispered in her ear, "Sally, let's not go to-day."

"Not go! What do you mean, Billy?" Sally was amazed and rather frightened.

"Let's go mutting just as if it were Satur-



day instead of Friday. The schoolmaster is so busy with the big boys playing 'hare and hounds' in arithmetic classes, and talking about square roots—all the roots I ever saw were round—I dare say he will not even miss us. He often forgets to call the roll, and I spelled only one day this week. Come on, Sally," he called as he vaulted over the rail fence into the river woods.

Sally followed with some misgivings. Yet the sky was very blue; the trees were showering multicolored leaves; the gray squirrels were chattering; and the acorns and soft-shell hickory nuts were dropping. Who could help being happy in a world of such gay color?

Deep into the woods went the children, talking happily of many things. They came to a purling brook trickling from a cold spring to the river. They gathered and ate a handful of crisp and bity water cress. It was then that they heard the snapping of dry twigs and the tremendous crackling of fallen leaves, as if some great beast were walking in the forest.

Sally clung close to Billy in terror, Billy put his arm around the trembling shoulders of his little sister. Suddenly fear was turned into the greatest joy. Around the granite boulder came a gray mule. It was Jesse, brother Jim's own animal, and astride his back, his long legs reaching almost to the ground, was none other than the young man they loved very dearly indeed, the steady Boarder at their home. He was returning from a trip to the next county by a short cut through the river woods.

"Whoa, whoa, Jesse, whoa," he called in a great voice. "What have we here? I wonder if by any chance I have mislaid a day, and is this Saturday, instead of Friday?"

"No, sir, it is only Friday." Billy's ears were beginning to match in color the red tops of the new boots. "You see, sir, we—we—we"—he could get no farther in his embarrassment.

"We are playing truant, sir," piped up little Sally very frankly.

The Boarder said nothing. He looked first at one small figure and then at the other. Then he dismounted and tied Jesse

by the halter to a sapling. Jesse stretched his long neck for a succulent titbit, a bite of horseweed stalk, and promptly forgot all his troubles in the delectable flavor of the morsel. He rolled his eyes in perfect bliss.

"Be seated, ladies and gentlemen of the court." The Boarder chose a flat stone for himself and waved the culprits to similar

stones. "Oyez, oyez, oyez! The honorable court is now in session. Proceed with the statement of the case, plaintiff for the defendant." Gravely the judge listened to the statement of the case.

The children told of the temptation of the Indian summer day. They spoke of the obnoxious square root and "hare and hounds" in the big boys' arithmetic class. They complained of the high log benches. The Boarder gave judgment.

"The court rules that it is a sin and a crime to play truant. That fact is established by all precedent, and is undisputed. I sentence the prisoners to recite their lessons to me in person, using this courtroom as schoolroom. Before proceeding to carry out this sentence, I will put the culprits under oath never to let it recur. Do you solemnly promise never again to play truant from your duty? Answer by raising your right hands. So be it. In the future, all through all our lives, we vow by all that is right and holy never to be absent when the roll of duty is called—duty to ourselves, to our parents, to our neighbors, to the great country of the United States of America! So be it. Amen."

Then the Boarder changed from a grave and reverend judge into the great boy he was. He led Jesse to the spring to drink. He cut with his knife a huge pile of horseweed for him to eat. The children meanwhile were busily studying their spelling list and Kirkland's grammar, a book which had belonged to the Boarder himself. The Boarder heard them spell, and explained about the cases of nouns.

"I wish you were our really schoolmaster, sir," timidly spoke Sally, with love in her eyes, as she finished reciting. The Boarder laid his hand on her elfin locks.

"I should like to teach, were the pupils at hand so willing to learn from me, little Sally; yet I think many thoughts better left untaught for a while. There is a little flower which the Germans call a summer narren. It is a silly little flower, because it wakes up on warm day in February. It thinks it is summer, you see, and blooms. But the weather changes and it shivers, because, you see, it is really only winter. The little summer fool has to suffer. All summer fools suffer. I sometimes think I am a summer narren, Sally." The gaunt young face fell for a moment into strangely sad lines, which quickly passed away, however, and the man became again a jolly big boy.

The Boarder and Billy went into the deep woods to hunt a persimmon tree. Sally set a flat stone for a table, using oak and maple leaves as dishes. The two pails held an ample meal. There was a jug of rich milk and two mugs. There were two quarters of mince pie and two of pumpkin. There were slices of salt-rising bread and yellow butter, and wedges of marble cake and moist applesauce cake. The Boarder, returning, heaped up a centerpiece of persimmons and ivory hickory nuts.

"Learn a lesson, fellow truants," mused the Boarder, "from the puckery persimmon. In its youth it is beautiful, but of a peculiarly trying disposition. Yet it learns a lesson from life and adversity, that is, the frost. In its old age, its skin becomes wrinkled and leathery, but it loses its bad temper. It learns how to refrain from intolerant things, and gets along with people."

While they were feasting, the sun high overhead, the table talk turned to the Bible. On the mahogany center table, at home, brought along the wilderness trail, many years before, was the huge family Bible, wherein were recorded all the births of the Big Family, starting with Jim and ending with the Aiterthoughts, Billy and Sally. Every evening the Boarder would sit, face in hands, as his elbows rested upon the big

Book, while he read. Sometimes the Boarder would chuckle as he read. Now Billy asked him why he and nobody else ever smiled when reading the Bible.

"Because, boy, I am a summer narren, you know. To me the Bible is full of very pleasant and cheerful things. It is a human Book, as well as a holy Book. When you and little Sally here are two pleasant old persimmons, and your Boarder has passed beyond the smiling and the weeping, all the people will know that the Bible means for us to be happy as well as reverent. The Bible people are just folks. They sin, and are sorry, as you are about playing truant to-day. They make mistakes, and they suffer for them. And here is what you had better not mention until you are old persimmons. There is fun in the Bible."

This was a new and strange idea to the children. They stared in amazed silence. Fun?

"Wouldn't you call it funny if old gray Jesse turned around and talked to me?" The children laughed at the droll picture. "There!" cried the Boarder, "I have proved my point. That will do for this time. Never forget that the Bible is the greatest human document ever given by God to man. Read it every day of your lives."

Then the Boarder changed the trend of the conversation to his own boyhood.

"Our house, the first year across the Ohio, had only three sides. The south wall was *non est*, as old Julius Caesar used to say when he got through with an enemy town. The south wall was not there. In front of the south side was a bonfire of long logs to keep us warm on our leaf beds. A wild grapevine shaded that side in the summer.

"By the way, children, I am just returning from collecting my pay for a surveying job. I used a wild grapevine as a line, and it worked well. I rode up to the Welshman's door to-day, and when he appeared I said: 'Howdy, Davy John Jones. I'm like the old Dutch parson when he married folks. He held out his hand, like this, and he said, sez he: "The job is done alreaty. Now I vants mine money."' Davy John paid me off immediately. Those Welsh people have good brains, and he saw the point of my story at once."

The Boarder was cutting off saplings with his knife while he talked. Now he proceeded to make a model of his old-time little house with no south wall.

Early in the afternoon the three prodigals turned their way homeward, all astride old Jesse mule. Once he turned his head to see his curious load, and Sally hoped he would begin to talk like the Bible mule, but his only vocabulary was "He-haw," uttered plaintively when the inn and his stable came into view.

By that time the jogging had sent Sally into a curious world of sleep, populated by old-lady and gentleman persimmons all astride talking mules. The Boarder laid the little sleeper down in the barrel-stave hammock and tucked his long coat over her. Billy skipped off to his chores.

At the supper table both children were in their places. No comment whatever was made on the day. The Boarder shook his head at the children, which meant not to talk about it. That night the schoolmaster came over to the Literary Society. Evidently he had not even noticed that the children had been absent.

For years afterwards the secret was locked in three faithful breasts. But in the after lives of Billy and Sally, whenever the roll was called by Schoolmaster Duty, they were ready to answer.

New Lincoln Story.

A Washingtonian who was a mere boy at the breaking out of the Civil war recently related a small incident that is as typical of Lincoln as any of the thousands of others that have gone before. This man had enlisted in the first regiment enrolled in the capital city. The recruits had been drawn up on Pennsylvania avenue and reviewed by the president and his secretary of war, Mr. Seward. These two dignitaries passed down the line of troops and as they passed the man who now relates the incident, President Lincoln remarked:

"Seward, I suppose there are a hundred men in these ranks who could hold your job or mine."

**Able Dissertation in a Stage Coach Which
Mr. Lincoln Remembered.**

"I see that Col. Thomas Nelson, of Terre Haute, is dead," recently remarked A. M. Murphy to a Globe-Democrat reporter. "Nelson belonged to that class of individuals to whom the growing generation invariably refer as gentlemen of the 'old school.'"

"Col. Nelson possessed a rich fund of humor and he enjoyed telling a story just as well if the joke were on him as when the other fellow caught it.

"At an old settlers' meeting in Terre Haute in 1885 Col. Nelson related a story about his first meeting with Abraham Lincoln. It was in the antebellum days of stage coaches. One morning the stage arrived at Terre Haute from Paris, Ill., and stopped at the Clark house, the principal hotel in the city in those days, and among the passengers was a long, lanky individual, who, after partaking of breakfast, resumed his journey to Indianapolis. Col. Nelson was one of the passengers and on the way endeavored to scrape an acquaintance with the lanky-looking passenger. The latter told several funny stories in the course of their rather tedious journey. Nevertheless the colonel took his fellow-passenger for some green country merchant on his way to Indianapolis to replenish his stock of groceries, hardware, etc. The colonel also talked very learnedly and soon the stranger was gazing upon him in a manner that evidently betokened admiration of the great wisdom of his traveling companion.

"Arriving at their destination the colonel put up at the principal hotel, and after making an elaborate toilet made his way to the hotel office. There he observed his fellow-passenger, the central figure of a group of gentlemen, most of whom were well known to the colonel. Stepping up to the clerk he inquired as to the identity of the tall individual, and his eye was guided by the finger of the clerk to the open register, where he read: 'A. Lincoln,' written in a bold hand. A coating of moisture oozed through the pores of the colonel's countenance; he was thunderstruck, dumfounded, and hastily calling for his 'carpetsack' sought quarters elsewhere.

"In 1861 the friends of Col. Nelson succeeded in securing an appointment for him, and Gov. Morton, who was in Washington, telegraphed the colonel to come on, and when he arrived at the capital he was told that he would probably be appointed minister to Chili. When he made his call upon the president it was with the hope that Mr. Lincoln would not recognize in him the stage-coach passenger who had aired his erudition during the journey of a few years before.

"Mr. Lincoln greeted him cordially, and after notifying him of his appointment and expressing the hope that he would accept, looked at the colonel with a merry twinkle in his eye and said: 'Col. Nelson, do you know I have often thought of your talk on centrifugal force during the stage-coach ride? Now, colonel, I am going to toss you away off to Chili.'" — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A New Story of Lincoln. 15/4

How General Thomas T. Eckert, former head of the Western Union Telegraph company, nearly lost his commission during the civil war was related on the witness stand during the trial in New York of the contest over the general's will. The Rev. James Veit of New York quoted General Eckert as saying in 1862:

"When I was an officer in charge of the telegraph bureau with the rank of captain Secretary of War Stanton called me to his office. He told me he had received advice that I was not attending to my duties and that my dismissal had been written out.

"While I was standing speechless before him I felt a hand on my shoulder, and some one said: 'I vouch for Captain Eckert. I have had occasion to go to his office several times, and I always found him there.'

"It was Abraham Lincoln Stanton broke the silence. 'I apologize to Captain Eckert,' he said."

Judge Baldwin of California, an old and highly respectable and sedate gentleman, called on Gen. Halleck and, presuming upon a familiar acquaintance in California a few years previously, solicited a pass outside of the federal lines to see a brother in Virginia, not thinking that he would meet with a refusal, as both his brother and himself were good union men. "We have been deceived too often," said Gen. Halleck, "and I regret I can't grant it." Judge B. then went to Stanton and was briefly disposed of with the same result. Finally he obtained an interview with Lincoln and stated his case. "Have you applied to Gen. Halleck?" inquired the president. "And met with a flat refusal," said Judge B. "Then you must see Stanton," continued the president. "I have, and with the same result," was the reply. "Well, then," said Old Abe, with a smile of good humor, "I can do nothing; for you must know that I have very little influence with this administration." 1908

How Abe's Premises Were Fixed Up in His Absence and the Results.

"I never had the pleasure," remarked Secretary Morton to a representative of the Washington Star, "of any near or particular acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln. I have had him described to me often, however, by men close to him, and who knew him well. As everybody is aware, Lincoln was a man of humor rather than wit; fond of a good story and a good laugh. Lincoln was not an orderly man, and paid no vast heed to things about him. If he had owned a lawn it would probably have struggled through life unmown; and a gate on one hinge struck Lincoln as being just as good a gate as if it owned two. In good truth unless men have romanced beyond reason, Lincoln was a bit shiftless. His fences were apt to be down, and many a matter needed doing about the home of Lincoln. I recall a story of the great president which Richardson, once a member of the National house from Illinois and a great friend of Lincoln, told me.

"We, Lincoln and I, had been away on the circuit together," said Richardson. "The judges and lawyers traveled from county to county in those days, the former to hold court, and the latter to try what cases they had and pick up others. Lincoln and I had been away for some weeks, and one afternoon toward the close of an early summer's day we rode into Springfield, where Lincoln lived. His yard and the scene about the house had been, when he left, a bit disreputable. The fence needed mending; the yard lacked cleaning up; the house wanted a coat of paint; some of the windows exhibited a broken pane, while odd and irritating bunches of brambles and clumps of locust shoots cried for the scythe and bushhook. This was the condition when Lincoln left. But during his absence Mrs. Lincoln had instituted a campaign of her own. As we drove up to the place we found the fence repaired; the yard mown and clean; every pane of glass was in, and the house glistened and shown in a coat of white paint. Mrs. Lincoln herself stood in the front door to enjoy the effect of all this order and restoration on her husband. But on this occasion he held the middle of the road and looked coldly on the house and his wife, as one who did not recognize either. He made as if he wanted to go by. Just opposite the gate, however, he pulled up his horse, and, with a face grave enough, bar a twinkle of the eye, bowed with great politeness to Mrs. Lincoln and said: 'I beg your pardon, madam, but can you tell me who lives here?'"

"Send your horses to the barn and you and Mr. Richardson come in. I'll show you who lives here," responded Mrs. Lincoln, with just a trace of nettle in her tone. And Honest Old Abe went in."

A Story of Lincoln.

The First Corps, commanded by General Reynolds, was reviewed by the President on a beautiful plain at the north of the Potomac Creek, about eight miles from Hooker's headquarters. We rode thither in an ambulance over a rough corduroy road, and, as we passed over some of the more difficult portions of the jolting way, the ambulance driver, who sat well in front, occasionally let fly a volley of suppressed oaths at his wild team of six mules. Finally Mr. Lincoln, leaning forward, touched the man on the shoulder and said:

"Excuse me, my friend, are you an Episcopalian?"

The man, greatly startled, looked round and replied:

"No, Mr. President, I am a Methodist."

"Well," said Lincoln, "I thought you must be an Episcopalian, because you swear just like Governor Seward, who is a church warden."

The driver swore no more.—Century.

Another Lincoln Story.

From the Boston Herald.

President Lincoln's weakness was for telling funny stories, some pretty broad in their tone. He once made a joke about the weakness of his Secretary of State. "I think you must be a member of the Episcopal church," he said to a visitor, "you swear so like Seward."

6-13-98

AN UNPUBLISHED ABRAHAM LINCOLN STORY

Use It In Your February Advertising

That honest Abe could, upon occasion, play Dorothy Dix is evidenced by a new story which recently came to light in Washington, Illinois, near some of the county seat towns where Abe practiced law as a circuit riding lawyer.

It was at one of these county seat towns that a middle-aged mother sought out his advice. "Mister Lincoln, my man and me have nine daughters but little else. Several of these are of marriageable age, but not one of them has captured a husband. If

the oldest don't get one, how can we expect the next and the next and the next to get men of their own? It's more than we can do supporting them. Our girls be just as good looking as any in the neighborhood appears to me like."

Lincoln agreed that the girl looked very strong and healthy and that she had an uncommonly pretty face and disposition. But there the pleasing attributes stopped, for the child was the most hideously garbed girl he had seen in many a day. He was no believer in the fine feathers, but he thought it a sin to abuse the looks given a person by her Maker.

He then asked the mother just how many pelts her husband had ready for the trip some one of the settlement's wagon owners would soon be taking to Chicago. She boasted that he owned fifteen times as many pelts as any other



man in the whole settlement. Abe ordered that mother to select the finest and most perfectly matched pelts in the whole load and fashion them into the most becoming fur coat she knew how to make and then to fashion a toque of the finest pelts, to match, with enough of the fur left to edge her boots and the tops of her mittens. To top it all, he dug into his carpet bag and brought forth two of the most beautiful golden pheasant feathers ever seen. One he bade them fasten to the fur toque

as an ornament, while the other was to lie across the girl's breast, the feather topping off the luxuriant fur.

When he sent the mother and the daughter on their way, he asked that the former report back to him on his next trip through their settlement.

But before he had time to return north again, he was at an inn one evening in Springfield when he learned that a newly wedded pair had arrived at the inn and that a sort of ball or shindig was to be given in their honor. He was not hard to persuade, when the bridal pair rose to shake the hands of all those attending the party, to come forward and greet them. It was one of Abe's happiest moments when he discovered that this was the girl whose fur coat had turned the trick and earned a proposal of marriage from one of the adjoining settlement's finest young men.

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN

In each issue of the Week By Week from boyhood to his death. Save each copy. You will have anecdotes and illustrations that when put together will give you a very wonderful story of the life of the immortal savior of our country.

HOW LINCOLN PACIFIED DISAPPOINTED OFFICE SEEKERS

A gentleman states in a Chicago journal: "In the winter of 1864, after serving three years in the Union army, and being honorably discharged, I made application for the post sutlership at Point Lookout. My father being interested, we made application to Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of War.

"We obtained an audience, and were ushered into the presence of the most pompous man I ever met. As I entered he waved his hand for me to stop at a given distance from him, and then put these questions, viz:

"Did you serve three years in the army?"

"I did, sir."

"Were you honorably discharged?"

"I was, sir."

"Let me see your discharge."

"I gave it to him. He looked it over, then said:

"Were you ever wounded?"

"I told him yes, at the battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1861.

"He then said: 'I think we can give this position to a soldier who has lost an arm or leg, he being more deserving'; and he then said I looked hearty and healthy enough to serve three years more. He would not give me a chance to argue my case.

"The audience was at an end. He waved his hand to me. I was then dismissed from the august presence of the Honorable Secretary of War.

"My father was waiting for me in the hallway, who saw by my countenance that I was not successful. I said to my father:

"Let us go over to Mr. Lincoln; he may give us more satisfaction."

"He said it would do me no good, but we went over. Mr. Lincoln's reception room was full of ladies and gentlemen when we entered, and the scene was one I shall never forget.

"On her knees was a woman in the agonies of despair, with tears rolling down her cheeks, imploring for the life of her son, who had deserted and had been condemned to be shot. I heard Mr. Lincoln say:

"Madam, do not act in this way, it is agony to me; I would pardon your son

if it was in my power, but there must be an example made or I will have no army."

"At this speech the woman fainted. Lincoln motioned to his attendant, who picked the woman up and carried her out. All in the room were tears.

"But now, changing the scene from the sublime to the ridiculous, the next applicant for favor was a big buxom Irish woman, who stood before the President with arms akimbo, saying:

"Mr. Lincoln, cant I sell apples on the railroad?"

"Lincoln said: 'Certainly, madam, you can sell all you wish.

"But she said: 'You must give me a pass, or the soldiers will not let me.'

"Lincoln then wrote a few lines and gave it to her, who said:

"Thank you, sir; Good bless you."

"This shows how quick and clear were all this man's decisions.

"I stood and watched him for two hours, and he dismissed each case as quickly as the above, with satisfaction to all.

"My turn soon came. Lincoln turned to my father and said:

"Now, gentlemen, be pleased to be as quick as possible with your business, as it is growing late."

"My father then stepped up to Lincoln and introduced me to him. Lincoln then said:

"Take a seat, gentlemen, and state your business as quickly as possible."

"There was but one chair by Lincoln, so he motioned my father to sit, while I stood. My father stated the business to him as stated above. He then said:

"Have you seen Mr. Stanton?"

"We told him yes, that he had refused. He (Mr. Lincoln) then said:

"Gentlemen, this is Mr. Stanton's business; I cannot interfere with him; he attends to all these matters and I am sorry I cannot help you."

"He saw that we were disappointed, and did his best to revive our spirits. He succeeded well with my father, who was a Lincoln man, and who was a staunch Republican.

"Mr. Lincoln then said:

"Now, gentlemen, I will tell you what it is; I have thousands of applications like this every day, but we cannot satisfy all for this reason, that these positions are like office seekers—there are too many pigs for the tits."

"The ladies who were listening to the conversation placed their handkerchiefs to their faces and turned away. But the joke of Old Abe put us all in a good humor. We then left the presence of the greatest and most just man who ever lived to fill the Presidential chair."

LINCOLNANIA.

A New Lot of Anecdotes About the Martyr President.

Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.

WASHINGTON, May 9, 1870.

Now that the religious convictions of Mr. Lincoln are being so generally discussed, everybody seems disposed to bring up every trifle in evidence pro and con. Having my mite to offer in proof that he was not an unbeliever in Christianity, I take this opportunity of doing so, though, as will be seen, it is only a mite.

Soon after the war began, while calling on Mrs. Speed, of Louisville, Ky., mother of Mr. James Speed, ex-Attorney General, I noticed a cabinet sized photograph of Mr. Lincoln hanging in the parlor. Beneath the photograph was written, "To Mrs. Martha Speed, from whom I received an Oxford Bible thirty years ago." It was signed "Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States," and on inquiry Mrs. Speed told me it was sent to her immediately after his inauguration. This shows that Mr. Lincoln not only considered the present one of value, but deserving of being suitably acknowledged at a time when his mind was deeply disturbed by the distracted condition of the country following his first election, and when his remembering a gift bestowed so many years back was in itself a remarkable circumstance.

Writing of this suggests many little anecdotes connected with this great and good man which I heard at the time of their occurrence, from intimate friends of his own, some, if not all of which, have never been published. One of Mr. Lincoln's Kentucky friends, for whom he cherished a warm attachment, used frequently to give notes of introduction to deserving persons who wished to see the President, whether on business or simply to pay their respects to him in a visit of courtesy. To notes from this friend he always paid special attention. On one occasion two ladies were thus introduced. "So you know B—," said the President, after shaking hands with them; "Did he ever tell you I helped him to his wife?" The ladies knew nothing of it, so the match-maker proceeded to give a detailed account of the affair in his liveliest manner. "You see," he said, "B— never could get a chance to pop the question because the lady's father was always in the room; so at last I told him I'd manage it for him, and the next time he called I went with him. I knew the old man well, and often talked politics with him, but as both of us were Whigs, the talk was never very lively. That time to help B— I turned Democrat, and the old man got so excited that B— and the daughter managed to slip out on the back porch and do the thing up at once." This story, relating an occurrence dated back some twenty odd years, the teller seemed to enjoy as much as at the time when his temporary change of politics hastened, what has proved, an exceedingly happy marriage.

Once during the second year of the war it was said that a certain foreign minister complained to the President of a man with a hand-organ, who disturbed him at all hours by grinding music in front of his residence. "I'll tell you what to do," said Mr. Lincoln, "speak to Stanton about it, and tell him to send Baker after the man. Baker will steal the organ and throw its owner

into the Old Capitol, and you'll never be troubled with his noise again." This referred jestingly to the many complaints of arbitrary arrests being made in this city, and the Baker mentioned was the well-known chief of the corps of detectives.

Mr. Lincoln gave the following account of the first announcement of the Emancipation proclamation in Cabinet meeting. He said he read it through, and there was a dead silence. Presently Mr. Chase spoke. He said he liked all but so and so, instancing a clause, then some one else made an objection, and then another, until all had said something. Then the President said, "Gentlemen, this reminds me of the story of the man who had been away from home, and when he was coming back was met by one of his farm hands who greeted him after this fashion: 'Master, the little pigs are dead, and the old sow's dead too, but I didn't like to tell you all at once.'" In answer to some remarks which were made to him when Mr. Chase was proposed as a candidate for the Presidency in opposition to himself, he observed jocosely, "Oh it don't disturb me in the least. I think I shall run the better for it. I never knock a horse off one of my horses; I find he goes faster for the bite."

THE QUAKER AND THE DRAFT



WHEN the draft was made my name was one that was drawn along with those of several other young Friends (Quakers), two others in our little meeting. It created a good deal of excitement among us. The two others paid their three hundred dollars each, but I felt it right to do nothing, feeling that I could not go myself nor give money to hire others to go. The proper military officer came out and notified me that I would be expected to report in the military camp at Lafayette, Indiana, for training, on a certain day. I told him that I could not conscientiously be there, that as I could not fight it would not do any good for me to report. Then he demanded the three hundred dollars. To this I replied:

"If I believed that war is right I would prefer to go myself than to hire some one else to be shot in my place."

He told me I would either have to come or pay the three hundred dollars, or he would be forced to sell my property. As I was firm in my decision . . . he went out and looked over the farm, selected the stock that he proposed to sell and then sat down and commenced writing bills for the public sale of our horses, cattle and hogs. While he was writing, dinner was ready, and when we sat down to the table we insisted on his eating with us. We tried to keep up a pleasant conversation on various subjects, making no reference to the work he was engaged in. After dinner he turned to me and said:

"If you would get mad and order me out of the house, I could do this work much easier, but here you are, feeding me and my horse while I am arranging to take your property from you. I tell you it's hard work."

We told him we had no unkind feelings toward him as we supposed he was only obeying the orders of those who were superior to him. I went out again to my work and, when he had prepared the sale bills, he placed one on a large tree by the roadside in front of the house, and then rode around and placed the others in different places in the neighborhood.

A few days before the time had arrived for the sale I was at Lafayette. The officer came to me and said:

"The sale is postponed. I don't know when it will be. You can go on using your horses."

I heard nothing more about it for several years. After the War closed I learned that Governor Morton, who was in Washington about that time, spoke to President Lincoln about it, and he ordered the sale to be stopped.



From the Autobiography of Allen Jay, by permission of The John C. Winston Company, publishers, also, of Wayne Whipple's "Story-Life of Lincoln."

Lincoln and Lord Hartington.

The Marquis of Hartington was traveling in this country during the war, and while here made a semi-official call on President Lincoln. He was introduced to honest old Abe in the white house, with some ceremony, but Mr. Lincoln grasped the hand of the marquis with his broad hand, closed a grip on it that brought the tears to the Englishman's eyes, and said in a cheery voice: "Glad to see you, Marquis of Hartington. Shall never forget you, because your name rhymes with one of our great characters—Mrs. Partington. How are you marquis?" and he gave Hartington another squeeze; after which my lord left the executive chamber nursing his hand and his temper, declaring to a friend that "Your American president is a boor!"

The secret of the president's action was that the marquis had appeared at a ball in New York a few nights before his visit to Washington, and ostentatiously wore the rebel colors in his button hole. The incident was published, and the president, knowing the marquis was to call at the white house, concluded to give the haughty but ill-bred Englishman a puncture that he would get through even his bull-skin. And he did.

STORIES OF THE PRESIDENT. A writer in the Watchman and Reflector tells the following stories of the President:

"Mr. Lincoln has a fund of humor which, though not always dignified, is harmless. It is ever apt and ready, and doubtless among all the wearing sorrows of his public life has afforded him relief when he would otherwise have broken down under his heavy load. This jocoseness is sometimes grim and sarcastic. It is always playful, yet is never abusive, and seldom wounds. Often it is nicely adapted to the place and occasion, and is used with great effect. It is one form of that humor that is not uncommon in New England, especially in rural districts, and which, in a higher and more cultivated development, adorn the pages of Holmes, Lowell, and others of our literary men. About two years ago, when the Prince of Wales was soon to marry the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the sovereigns, informing them of her son's betrothal, and among the rest to President Lincoln. Lord Lyons, her ambassador at Washington, and who, by the way, is unmarried, requested an audience of Mr. Lincoln, that he might present this important document in person. At the time appointed he was received at the White House, in company with Mr. Seward.

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'Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise.'

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It is said that sometime since, when a deputation of clergymen presented an address to the president, in which he was styled 'a pillar of the church,' he quaintly, and perhaps truthfully, remarked that 'they would have done much better to call him a steeple.'"

Walter Winchell

In New York

Abe Lincoln, American

The birthday of Abraham Lincoln always reminds us that his life is a monument to freedom...When Lincoln was in the White House the nation was festering with appeasers just as the country festers with them now...But Lincoln knew that compromised liberty is the first step to its eventual destruction...Refusing an ear to enemies at home, he denied the right of back-stabbers to enjoy freedom. He dumped them in jails.

That provides the most eloquent rebuttal to the nail-gnawers, who knit their brows about the freedom of those who loathe it. Remember, it was Lincoln's policies that rescued America's liberty...Racial hatred in his time also followed in the wake of home-front enemies; people who mistake ancestry for patriotism...When one bigot passed a remark about Lincoln's ancestry, he replied: "I don't know who my grandfather was, but I am more concerned to know what his grandson will be."

Lincoln also had his bouts with Congress. He attended a preaching service where the preacher called on those desiring to go to heaven to stand up. All stood up but Lincoln. Then the preacher asked all to arise who didn't want to go to hell. Lincoln remained seated. "I am surprised," the preacher said, "to see Abe Lincoln sitting back there unmoved by these appeals. If Mr. Lincoln does not want to go to hell and doesn't want to escape hell, perhaps he will tell us where he wants to go."

"I am going," said Abe, "to Congress!"

As a Chief Executive he also felt the strain of the crushing burden. At a boring ceremony a friend asked him if he didn't find the ceremonies of the Presidency irksome.

"Yes," said Lincoln. "In fact, sometimes I feel like a man who was ridden out of town on a rail, and who said: 'If it wasn't for the honor of the thing, I'd rather walk!'"

During his term of office, he was forever being encountered by snooty people who looked down their noses at this plain American. One snob told him: "Mr. President, you must give my son a colonel's commission. Sir, I demand it, not as a favor, but as a right. My grandfather fought at Lexington, my uncle was the only man who did not run away at Bladensburg. My father fought at New Orleans and my husband was killed at Monterey."

Lincoln replied: "I guess, Madam, your family has done enough for the country. It is time to give someone else a chance."

As idealistic as he was, Lincoln was also a very practical man. He understood that you can't make a man free by merely saying so. Sometimes you have to fight and die to get the benefits. In the middle of the Civil War, a group asked him to free the slaves. He answered them by drawing this analogy: "How many legs will a sheep have if you call a tail a leg?" he asked them..."Five," was the reply..."You are mistaken," countered Lincoln, "because by calling a tail a leg, you don't make it so."

In a similar vein, a friend once asked him how long a man's legs should be. He answered: "I should think a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

Another time an enthusiastic supporter told him: "Mr. President, I'm from New York State, where we believe that God Almighty and Abraham Lincoln are going to save this country!"

"My dear friend," answered Lincoln, "you are only half right."

His famed debates with Douglas gave rise to many pungent anecdotes. One of the best, we think, is this: Douglas once related Lincoln was a grocery keeper selling among other things whiskey and cigars. "Mr. L.," said Douglas, "was a very good bartender!"

Lincoln countered with: "What Mr. Douglas has said, gentlemen, is true enough; I did keep a grocery, and I did sell cotton, candies and cigars and sometimes whiskey; but I remember in those days Mr. Douglas was one of my best customers. Many a time have I stood on one side of the counter and sold whiskey to Mr. Douglas on the other side, but the difference between us now is this: I have left my side of the counter, but Mr. Douglas still sticks to his as tenaciously as ever!"

He had no patience with aggressor nations, or any of their excuses for their aggressions. He pointed out that they made him think of a farmer who said: "I ain't greedy about land. I only want what adjoins mine."

Lincoln's relations with his generals inspired many stories. One of the most famed concerns the note he sent to the very cautious Gen. McClellan, to wit: "If you don't want to use the Army I should like to borrow it for awhile. Yours respectfully, A. Lincoln" ...Another time he went to the front to visit McClellan's army with a friend. They stood on a hill and saw the vast camp. His friend told him that this was McClellan's army of the Potomac...Lincoln corrected his friend: "No, no, you are mistaken. This is General McClellan's bodyguard!"

His devotion to the principles of justice remained steadfast. From the time he was a humble lawyer to the time he achieved the highest honor in the land, he carried justice like a torch. But his devotion was tempered with humanity and understanding—he had a heart. He deprecated those who rigidly followed the rules without mercy. He described a judge with such ideas: "He would hang a man for blowing his nose in the street, but he would quash the indictment if it failed to specify what hand he blew it with!"

It has been said that you can best describe a man by recounting anecdotes about him. It fits best in Lincoln's case, since there is a gold-mine of stories about him. But as much as anecdotes about Lincoln reveal the great man, they don't tell us half as much about him as the Gettysburg address. It was ill-received in the newspapers of that day; some just ignored it. But today it stands as more than a great speech; it is a testament of freedom. It should be read and re-read. Each reading adds to its undying greatness. If what Lincoln said at Gettysburg is in your heart, America is there.

The eloquence of one of his classic observations still rings with truth today. You are probably familiar with it. During the war he stated: "I am not concerned with knowing that the Lord is always on our side. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

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Another Lincoln Story. / 1-24-86

Here is a bit of sentiment that will do to tack into the big history of the war. During the war Miss N—, a beautiful and spirited Virginian, whose brother, a confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to secure an audience with the president, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be very prudent and not let a word escape her which would betray her southern sympathies. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln and the object for which they had come stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the petite maiden, and, looking searchingly into her face, said: "You are loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied: "Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!" Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two, and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. Once outside, the extreme vexation of Mr. Blair found vent in reproachful words. "Now, you have done it," he said; "didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame." Miss N— made no reply but opened the paper. It contained these words: "Pass Miss N—; she is an honest girl and can be trusted. A. LINCOLN."

—New York Telegram.

14, 1924. *Clinghous town*

Eldora Man Recalls Rebuke Lincoln Gave Iowa Man's Father

Special to Times-Republican.

Eldora, March 14.—Soloman Lantes, who for years has made his home with his sister, Mrs. J. A. Lantes, in Eldora, remembers as a small boy going with his father to the store in Illinois where Abraham Lincoln was employed as a clerk. At that time every store carried as one of the commodities of trade certain liquors. Mr. Lantes' father and his sons stopped in this store one day while awaiting the arrival of a belated train, (the Lantes boys never having seen a train of cars in motion.) .. was while waiting for the cars that the elder Lantes asked the clerk for liquor for himself and the three boys. Sol Lantes declined to drink when his father insisted that he should, when Lincoln said to the father, "Do not insist upon the boy drinking if he never takes the first drink he can not become a drunkard." The man who afterward freed 4,000,000 slaves with a stroke of his pen was at that early date endeavoring to inculcate in the youth of the land lessons of sobriety and good citizenship.

A Little Lincoln Anecdote.

The firm of Lincoln & Herndon divided fees without taking any receipts or making any entries on books. One day Mr. Lincoln received \$5,000 as a fee in a railroad case. He came in and said to his partner, Mr. Herndon:

"Well, Billie, here is our fee; sit down and let me divide."

He counted out \$2,500 to his partner and gave it to him with the nonchalance that he would have given a few cents for a paper. Mr. Herndon was afterward sick for three months. Many of Mr. Lincoln's friends came to him and advised him to dissolve partnership with Mr. Herndon, alleging that the latter would never be able again to be of assistance to him. Mr. Lincoln exclaimed vehemently:

"Desert Billie! No, never! If he is sick all the rest of his days I will stand by him."

—Littlefield's Reminiscences.

Those who knew Abraham Lincoln best knew that he could take as well as give in the matter of a joke, says the New York Herald. In the spring of 1849 he left Springfield, Ill., for Washington by stage to accept the commissionership of the general land office. In the stage were Thomas H. Nelson of Terre Haute, afterward minister to Chili, and Abram Hammond, afterward governor of Indiana. They found Lincoln asleep, alone, with his long, lank form stretched across all the seats. After a slap on the back he sat up and they inventoried an individual dressed in a worn and ill-fitting suit of bombazine, without vest or cravat, and a palm leaf hat on the back of his head. Here was a subject and the pair proceeded to perpetrate several jokes. Lincoln took them with the utmost innocence and good nature and joined in the laugh, although at his own expense. When they stopped for dinner the conversation turned on the new comet of that year, and at the table, with the 25-cent palm leaf under his arm, Lincoln asked: "What is going to be the upshot of this comet business?" Nelson replied that he was inclined to the opinion that the world would "follow the darned thing off." The three did not meet again for three years---not until Lincoln arrived in Indianapolis on his way to Washington to be inaugurated president. As they approached the door of the office in the hotel a long arm reached out and a shrill voice exclaimed: "Hellow, Nelson! Do you think, after all, the world is going to follow the darned thing off?"

LINCOLN'S OLD FRIEND

Perfect Courtesy, America's Great
Son Shown in His Treatment of
"Aunt Sally."

After Lincoln's election to the presidency an old woman, whom he called "Aunt Sally," came from New Salem to say good-by to "Abe" before he "went to Washington to be president." The president-elect was standing in the room placed at his disposal in the old state capitol talking with two men of national renown when the old woman entered, shy and embarrassed. He saw her at once and walked across the room to meet his old friend. Taking both her hands in his, he led her to the seat of honor and presented his distinguished visitors to her, putting her quite at ease by saying:

"Gentlemen, this is a good old friend of mine. She can make the best flap-jacks you ever tasted, for she has baked them for me many a time."

A Few Facts About Lincoln.

He knew the value of a merry jest and a hearty laugh.

He was simple in manner, dress and bearing, but was big of heart and brain.

He was too great a nature to care one way or another about his ancestry. The living generation was of vital importance to him.

He did not advocate war for his own glorification, but to liberate human beings from slavery. All men were his brothers and his equals before his Creator.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT. — A Washington correspondent mentions the following incident as showing the kindness of heart of President Lincoln:

At the reception this afternoon, at the President's house, many persons present noticed three little girls, poorly dressed, the children of some mechanic or laboring man, who had followed the visitors into the house to gratify their curiosity. They passed round from room to room, and were hastening through the reception room with some trepidation, when the President called to them, "Little girls! are you going to pass me without shaking hands?" Then he bent his tall, awkward form down, and shook each little girl warmly by the hand. Everybody in the apartment was spell-bound by the incident, so simple in itself, yet revealing so much of Mr. Lincoln's character. His heart overflows with kindness, he possesses deep anti-slavery convictions, and he never takes a backward step, even if he does sometimes hesitate long before taking one in advance.

7 Nov 1864 84/27

1864 Election Talk

ROUGH SKETCH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. — Senator Sherman of Ohio, in a speech at Sandusky in the fall of 1864, drew this rough but accurate outline of the lamented President's character:

"I know Old Abe; and I tell you there is not, at this hour, a more patriotic, or a truer man living than that man, Abraham Lincoln. Some say he is an imbecile; but he not only held his own in his debates with Douglas, whose power is admitted, and whom I considered the ablest intellect in the United States Senate, but got a little the better of him. He has been deliberate and slow, but when he puts his foot down, it is with the determination and certainty with which our generals take their steps; and, like them, when he takes a city he never gives it up. This firm old man is noble and kind-hearted. He is a child of the people. Go to him with a story of woe, and he will weep like a child. This man, so condemned, works more hours than any other President that ever occupied the chair. His solicitude for the public welfare is never-ceasing. I differed from him at first myself, but at last felt and believed that he was right, and shall vote for this brave, true, patriotic, kind-hearted man. All his faults and mistakes you have seen. All his virtues you never can know. His patience in labor is wonderful. He works far harder than any man in Erie County. At the head of this great nation—look at it! He has all the hills to sign passed by Congress. No one can be appointed to any office without his approval. No one can be punished without the judgment receives his signature, and no one pardoned without his hand. This man—always right, always just—we propose to reelect now to the Presidency."

James H. Moore P 449

A SOUTHERN ANECDOTE. — An English officer, who passed some time with the army of General Lee, writes the following, in the pages of Blackwood:

"As we were riding back to Hagerstown, we fell in with Colonel Wickham, who commands a brigade of Stuart's cavalry, in connection with whom the following story was told me:—

"It will be remembered that Virginia was one of the last States to secede, and did not do so until she had exhausted every effort to effect a compromise; and when she did so, the few Southern States that were still hesitating followed her example, and the war became inevitable.

"Matters were coming to a crisis, when the leading men of Virginia sent a deputation of three of their number to wait on the President, Mr. Lincoln. They tried to impress him with a sense of the gravity of the situation, and urgently entreated that he would do something to calm the excitement amongst the people, whose irritation at the threats of the Administration, and of the Northern States, was getting beyond control.

"It was just after the taking of Fort Sumter and Lincoln's having called out seventy-five thousand men to coerce the South.

"'But what would you have me do?' said Mr. Lincoln.

"'Mr. President,' replied one of the deputation, 'I would beg you to lend me your finger and thumb for five minutes'—meaning, of course, that he wished to write something that should allay the prevailing excitement.

"But Mr. Lincoln did not choose to understand him. 'My finger and thumb!' he repeated, 'My finger and thumb! What would you do with them? Blow your nose?'

"The deputation retired in disgust, and Virginia seceded!"

Frank W. W. W.

p 528

STORY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. — A personal friend said to him: "Mr. President, do you really expect to end this war during your administration?"

"Can't say, can't say, sir."

"But, Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean to do?"

"Peg away, sir; peg away. Keep pegging away!"

Frank Moore p 304

INCIDENTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. — Judge Baldwin, of California, an old and highly respectable and sedate gentleman, called on General Halleck, and, presuming upon a familiar acquaintance in California a few years since, solicited a pass outside of the lines to see a brother in Virginia, not thinking that he would meet with a refusal, as both his brother and himself were good

Union men. "We have been deceived too often," said General Halleck, "and I regret I can't grant it." Judge B. then went to Stanton, and was very briefly disposed of with the same result. Finally he obtained an interview with Mr. Lincoln, and stated his case. "Have you applied to General Halleck?" inquired the President. "And met with a flat refusal," said Judge B. "Then you must see Stanton," continued the President. "I have, and with the same result," was the reply. "Well, then," said the President with a smile of good humor, "I can do nothing, for you must know that I have very little influence with this Administration."

Just move 8 178

I come to present to you (ANFC)
CALLING ON PRESIDENT LINCOLN. — An officer under the Government called at the Executive Mansion, accompanied by a clerical friend. "Mr. President," said he, "allow me to present to you my friend, the Rev. M. F., of ——. Mr. F. has expressed a desire to see you, and have some conversation with you, and I am happy to be the means of introducing him." The President shook hands with Mr. F., and desiring him to be seated, took a seat himself. Then, — his countenance having assumed an expression of patient waiting, — he said, "I am now ready to hear what you have to say." "O, bless you, sir," said Mr. F., "I have nothing special to say. I merely called to pay my respects to you, and, as one of the million, to assure you of my hearty sympathy and support." "My dear sir," said the President, rising promptly, his face showing instant relief, and with both hands grasping that of his visitor, "I am very glad to see you; I am *very* glad to see you, indeed. I thought you had come to preach to me!"

Frank Moore p 144

There are many names

Pass to Richmond

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. — A gentleman called on the President, and solicited a pass for Richmond. "Well," said the President, "I would be very happy to oblige you, if my passes were respected; but the fact is, sir, I have, within the last two years, given passes to two hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet."

Friend Henry p 435

Lincoln's Body Guard

A MODEL BODY-GUARD. — "Brick" Pomeroy, of the La Crosse Wisconsin, on being invited to assist in forming a body-guard for President Lincoln, after due consideration decided to "go in," provided the following basis could be adopted and rigidly adhered to throughout the war:

The company shall be entirely composed of colonels, who shall draw pay and rations in advance.

Every man shall have a commission, two servants, and white kids.

Each man shall be mounted in a covered buggy, drawn by two white stallions.

Under the seat of each buggy shall be a cupboard, containing cold chicken, pounded ice, and champagne, a la members of Congress and military officers at Bull Run.

Each man shall have plenty of cards and red chips to play poker with.

The only side-arms to be opera-glasses, champagne glasses, and gold-headed canes.

The duty of the company shall be to take observations of battle, and on no account shall it be allowed to approach nearer than ten miles to the seat of war.

Behind each buggy shall be an ambulance, so arranged as to be converted into a first-class boarding-house in the daytime, and a sumptuous sleeping and dressing room at night.

The regimental band must be composed of

pianos and guitars, played by young ladies, who shall never play a quickstep except in case of retreat.

Reveille shall not be sounded till late breakfast time, and not then if any one of the regiment has a headache.

In case of a forced march into an enemy's country, two miles a week shall be the maximum, and no marches shall be made except the country abound in game, or if any member of the regiment object.

Kid gloves, gold toothpicks, cologne, hair-dressing, silk underclothes, cosmetics, and all other rations, to be furnished by the Government.

Each member of the regiment shall be allowed a reporter for some New York paper, who shall draw a salary of two hundred dollars a week, for puffs, from the incidental fund.

Every member shall be in command, and when one is promoted, all are to be.

Commissions never to be revoked.

Frank Moore P 77

AT THE FRONT. — On the day of President Lincoln's funeral, a bronzed and weather-beaten soldier, anxious to obtain a better view of the procession, happened to step before a party of ladies and gentlemen. One of the gentlemen nudged him on the elbow, at the same time observing, "Excuse me, sir, but you are right in front of us." Bowing handsomely in return, the soldier replied, "That is nothing remarkable for me, sir; I have been in front of you for three years." So these iron men, marching with the nonchalance of veterans, are the men who have stood in "front of us for three years."

Franklin D. Roosevelt P 4 86

INCIDENT OF PRAIRIE GROVE. — The following is related by Lieutenant William S. Brooks, of the Nineteenth Iowa regiment: "The fight was most determined, and the slaughter immense. I was struck at four o'clock P. M., while we were being driven back from a too far advanced position. We were outflanked, and had to run three hundred yards over open ground, and exposed to a murderous fire from the right, left, and centre, or rear. Here we lost our Lieutenant-Colonel McFarland. We lost one half our regiment, and in company D more than half our effective men. I was hit at the commencement of the retreat, and was near being captured, as I could not run. When more than half way to our battery, our color-sergeant fell, and I received the colors. The pursuing rebel Colonel shouted: 'Blast them, take their colors!' This enraged me, and I hallooed back, 'You can't do it.' The cowardly scoundrels did not dare to close on me, but let go a volley, which left nine holes in the flag, and eighteen in my clothes. Four bullets passed through the cuff of my shirt sleeve; but they could not wound the hand that held the 'Old Flag.'"

The War Is Killing Me.

It has been said, with some show of probability, that before Mr. Lincoln left Illinois he, as well as others, had a presentiment that he would fall by the hand of violence. "There would be small cause for wonder," says Mr. Stoddard, "if all that is related of this matter were minutely true; still smaller occasion would there be to regard so very reasonable an impression as at all prophetic or supernatural. The strong impression spoken of during the dark days that followed was of another sort and was equally reasonable. To one friend he said: 'The springs of life are wearing away, and I shall not last.' To another, in apology for telling a humorous story: 'If it were not for this occasional rest I should die.' To another: 'I feel a presentiment that I shall not outlast the rebellion; when it is over my work will be done.' To another: 'Whichever way it may end, I feel that I shall not last long after it is over.' In 1864 Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe asked him what policy he proposed to pursue after the war. With a mournful sort of smile he replied: 'After the war? I shall not be troubled about that. The war is killing me.' Men looked into his face day by day and saw there something they could not understand. It gave them the idea of a man in suppressed pain, and they were apt to turn away with little inclination to find fault.

Lincoln as a Horse Trader.

Mr. Lincoln once figured as a horse trader, and it need hardly be told that he came out ahead. He and a certain judge got to bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at 9 o'clock they should make a trade the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out under a forfeit of \$25. At the hour appointed, the judge came up, leading the sorriest looking specimen of a nag ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden sawhorse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and these increased when Mr. Lincoln, surveying the judge's animal, set down his sawhorse and exclaimed: "Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

"I'll Try to Steer Her Through."

Gen. John A. Logan related the following: "On the morning of President Lincoln's arrival in Washington I called upon him at Willard's hotel, in company with Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois. We both urged on the new president the necessity of a firm, vigorous policy. He listened to the end, and then said, very seriously, but cheerfully: 'As the country has placed me at the helm of the ship, I'll try to steer her through.'"

1864

JUST PLOWED AROUND HIM.

Lincoln's Explanation of How He
Got Rid of a Troublesome Gov-
ernor.

James B. Fry once said to Lincoln:

"Mr. President, I am anxious to learn how you disposed of Gov. ———. He went to your office from the war department in a towering rage. I assume you found it necessary to make large concessions to him, as he returned from you entirely satisfied."

"O, no," he replied; "I did not concede anything. You know how that Illinois farmer managed the big log that lay in the middle of his field. To the inquiries of his neighbors one Sunday he announced that he had got rid of the big log. 'Got rid of it,' said they; 'how did you do it? It was too big to haul out, too knotty to split, and too wet and soggy to burn; what did you do?' 'Well, now, boys,' replied the farmer, 'if you won't divulge the secret, I'll tell you how I got rid of it—I plowed around it.' Now," said Lincoln, "don't tell anybody, but that's the way I got rid of Gov. ———, I plowed around him, but it took me three mortal hours to do it, and I was afraid every minute he'd see what I was at."

Mr. Lincoln and Jerry Smith.

The Rev. Dr. Nourse is credited with having told the following anecdote: The president was very much annoyed by the persistence of a certain member of congress named Jerry Smith, who haunted him continually wherever he went with applications for office on behalf of his constituents. One day a delegation of clergymen called upon Mr. Lincoln to pay their respects, and one of them asked him if he ever sought counsel and guidance from the Lord during that time of his great responsibility and anxiety.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I pray every night before I retire. I think of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers camped in the south, the boys in blue as well as the boys in gray, and I pray that the one may be supported in their efforts to preserve the Union and the other shown the error of their unholy strife. I think of the thousands of deserted homes in the north, of the thousands of weeping women and fatherless children, and I pray God to give them strength to bear their bereavements and the wisdom to see that their husbands, sons and fathers have died fighting for the right. I think of my responsibility and pray for strength and wisdom. Then I look under the bed, and, finding that Jerry Smith is not there with an application for office, I thank the Lord for it, turn out the light, lock the door, jump in between the sheets and go to sleep instantly."

The Old Sign, "Lincoln & Herndon."

A characteristic anecdote is told by Mr. Browne, showing Lincoln's enduring friendship and love of old associations. When he was about to leave Springfield for Washington he went to the dingy little law office which William H. Herndon and himself had occupied together for many years in a professional capacity. He sat down on a couch, and said to his law partner, Herndon: "Billy, you and I have been together more than twenty years, and have never 'passed a word.' Will you let my name stay on the old sign until I come back from Washington?" The tears started to Mr. Herndon's eyes. He put out his hand. "Mr. Lincoln," said he, "I will never have any other partner while you live;" and to the day of the assassination all the doings of the firm were in the name of "Lincoln & Herndon."

W.H.P.

A Lincoln story that carries a hint: Among those who went to Washington soon after Lincoln was inaugurated was a man named Chase, whose home was in New Hampshire. He had worked hard for Lincoln's election, and thought he was entitled to some consideration. He wanted an office of some kind. He had several interviews with the president, but could get no satisfaction.

One day Mr. Lincoln noticed him in the throng of office seekers and, calling him into his private office, said: "Chase, you are from New Hampshire. I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"I never was in New Hampshire but once," said Lincoln, "and that was in the fall of the year—a cold, rough day, and a high wind was blowing. Just outside of the city I noticed a bull-thistle, and on this thistle was a bumblebee trying to extract honey from the blossom. The wind blew the thistle every which way, but the bumblebee stuck. I have come to the conclusion that persistency is a characteristic of everything in New Hampshire, whether men or bumble-

UR I

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER

WEEK

DULTON, Editor

bees.

Chase laughed, but said nothing. Doubtless he thought that at last he was to be rewarded with an office. Then Mr. Lincoln went on, thoughtfully: "Chase, I have often wondered whether that bumblebee got enough honey out of that bull-thistle to pay him for his gymnastics."

Decorative flourish

A Lincoln Anecdote

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—

As children we were impressed with the goodness and greatness of Abraham Lincoln.

It was during the Civil War, the year 1863, that my father, the late Mahlon Yealdhall, was arrested in Baltimore as a Rebel spy and placed in prison at Fort McHenry. Learning of his plight, my mother, then only a very young girl, decided to run the blockade and seek his release. Having letters of introduction to General Hancock, she started on a most daring and dangerous trip. She succeeded in coming through the Union lines from Richmond to Washington.

After a visit to General Hancock, who was most kind, she was able to get an interview with President Lincoln. His first words were: "What can I do for you, my child?" She told him of her husband's arrest, her ancestors who had fought in the Revolutionary and Mexican wars, her father and brother dying for the great cause.

He turned to her, taking her hand, and said: "You shall have your husband's release. You are a brave Southern girl and I shall send an escort with you to Fort McHenry to see you safely there." With God's blessings he bade her good-by. In her estimation he was one of the world's greatest men.

Baltimore, Feb. 12. R. L. BRADLEY.

A Close-Up of President Lincoln.

The President stood at the door of the second parlor, with a secretary beside him who gave him the names of his callers. Ann's first impression was of his extraordinary height, for he towered over the people about him, and then the amazing charm of his face caught her; tragic, humorous, distinguished and kindly; she adored him, at first sight. He was obviously bored at the tiresome ceremony of handshaking, but as obviously determined to go through with it with painstaking courtesy; he had a routine of greeting, "I am charmed to see you here," he said, over and over, with a look of grave concern.—From "The Cortlands of Washington Square," by Janet Fairbank *Highland Democrat*
Peculiar 122 2/10/23

True Stories of Lincoln

LINCOLN was never in the least ashamed of his own humble origin. Quite the contrary, indeed. It was evidently—as it should have been—a matter of great pride with him that he had been able to uplift himself from such small beginnings.

"Folks like us, who had no slaves, were called 'scrubs,'" he said on one occasion. "We were as poor as poor could be, and I remember very well how I earned the first dollar that ever belonged to me. I was then eighteen years old. Having a small amount of garden truck to sell, mainly produced by my own labor, I built a little flat-boat, and started with the stuff by river for New Orleans. A steamer hove in sight—there were no wharves in those days—and two men came down to the shore in carriages, with trunks. They said: 'Will you take us and our trunks, and put us aboard of that steamer?' Glad of the job, I complied, and, when I had put them aboard, with the trunks, each of them pulled out a silver half-dollar and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarce believe that I had actually earned a whole dollar. From that time on I was a more hopeful and confident being."

He was under no illusions in regard to his lack of personal beauty. There was a story which he told many a time with glee, about a stranger who, meeting him on a train, said: "Excuse me, sir, but I have an article in my possession which belongs to you."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Lincoln. Whereupon the stranger took a jack-knife out of his pocket, and explained: "This knife was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I should keep it until I found a man homelier than myself. I have carried it from that time to this. Allow me now to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property."

Humor was to Lincoln a consolation. During the dark days of 1862 Mr. Ashley, a Representative from Ohio, called at the White House early, just after the news of a disaster had arrived. The President began a humorous anecdote, to which the Congressman was in no mood to listen. "Mr. President," said he, "I did not come here this morning to hear stories. The situation of affairs is too serious." Instantly the smile faded from Lincoln's face. "Ashley," said he, "sit down! I respect you as an earnest, sincere man. You cannot be more anxious than I have been constantly since the beginning of the war; and I say to you now that were it not for this occasional vent, I should die."

Signing a pardon for a soldier who had deserted, Mr. Lincoln said one day: "I don't believe shooting him would do him any good." Then he added: "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline in the army by granting pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some

good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy when I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him, his family and his friends."

In no instance could Mr. Lincoln ever be persuaded to sign an order for the execution of a soldier who had run away from the enemy. No matter how gross the cowardice had been, he could always find an apology for such "leg cases," as he called them. When expostulated with on the subject, he would say: "I dare say that very often these fellows are brave enough. They want to fight, but their legs are their weak point, and carry them away against their will. Now, I myself am no coward, I am sure, but I should not feel that I could count on my legs in an emergency of the kind."

Judge Bates said: "I have sometimes told Mr. Lincoln that he was unfit to be trusted with the pardoning power. If a man comes to him with a touching story, his judgment is almost certain to be affected by it. Should the applicant be a woman—a wife, a mother, or a sister—in nine cases out of ten her tears, if nothing else, are sure to prevail."

There is a clerk now in the War Department at Washington named J. C. Hesse, who has been employed there ever since the days of Lincoln. He well remembers a case where a notorious bounty jumper, duly condemned to death, as he undoubtedly deserved, sent his wife to Mr. Lincoln to make an appeal in his behalf. She shed a good many tears, saying that she and her children had not received or benefited by any of the bounty money, and that, if her husband was shot, they would starve. The appeal was successful, and the President signed the pardon. When the document was delivered at the War Department the Adjutant-General declared that it was too outrageous; Mr. Lincoln had been imposed upon. Accordingly, he sent Mr. Hesse over to the White House to speak to Mr. Lincoln about it. When the President learned his errand he pointed to the paper containing the pardon, and said: "Is that my signature?" The clerk acknowledged that he recognized it. "That's enough, then!" rejoined Mr. Lincoln. There was nothing more to be said, and Mr. Hesse was glad to depart as quickly as he could get out of the room.

Though so kindly and sympathetic, Abraham Lincoln could be angry and severe—though never unjust. It is remembered that a certain officer who, for amply sufficient cause, had been cashiered from the army, saw the President personally about the matter on three occasions, presenting the argument in his own behalf at length. The third time, he said: "Well, Mr. President, I see that you are fully determined not to do me justice!" Whereupon Lincoln quietly arose from his chair, laid down a package of papers that he held in his hand, and, seizing the officer by the coat collar, marched him forcibly to the door, saying, as he ejected him into the pas-

sage, "Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult!"

Another time he said to Governor Curtin: "What do you think of those fellows in Wall Street, who are gambling in gold at such a time as this?"

"They are a set of sharks," returned Curtin.

"For my part," said the President, bringing his clenched hand down upon the table, "I wish every one of them had his devilish head shot off."

The Proclamation of Emancipation was signed on New Year's Day, 1863. After affixing his signature Lincoln said to Speaker Colfax: "The South

had fair warning that if they did not return to their duty, I would strike at this pillar of their strength. The promise must now be kept." To Secretary Chase he said: "I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania I would crown the result by a declaration of freedom to the slaves."

F. B. Carpenter writes: "I would often find Mr. Lincoln with a book open before him, as he is represented in the popular photograph, with little Tad beside him. There were a great many curious books sent to him, and it seemed to be one of his special delights to open these books at such an hour that his boy could stand beside him, and they could talk as he turned over the pages."

The speeches made by the President on receiving newly appointed foreign Ministers were always written in the State Department. One day a messenger brought such a document to Mr. Lincoln, and, finding half a dozen Senators and Representatives with him, whispered: "The Secretary has sent this speech, which you are to deliver to-day to the Swiss Minister." Lincoln laid down his pen, and, taking up the manuscript, said in a loud voice: "Oh, this is the speech Mr. Seward has written for me, is it? I guess I will try it before these gentlemen, and see how it goes."

On another occasion an anti-slavery committee called at the White House to press the adoption of an emancipation policy. The chairman, who was a clergyman, made a powerful appeal, largely made up of quotations from the Old Testament. Mr. Lincoln listened in silence; then, drawing a long breath, he said: "Well, gentlemen, it is not often that one is favored with a delegation direct from the Almighty."

A young man, calling to thank the President for his appointment as a lieutenant in the army, took pains to inform Mr. Lincoln that he belonged to one of the oldest and noblest houses of Germany. "Oh, never mind that," replied Father Abraham; "you will not find it an obstacle to your advancement."

The late President Lincoln was somewhat astonished one day when inspecting the prison in Washington. A prisoner said to him, familiarly, "How are you, Mr. President? I'm glad to see you. I believe that you and I have been in every jail in the Union." Mr. L. replied that the jails at Springfield and Washington were the only ones he ~~was~~ ever in. "Very likely," responded the rogue, "but I've been in all the rest." *Harper's Bazaar May 13, 1871*

Abraham Lincoln was resting with his manager in a hotel lobby. As usual, the village dudes had congregated there, and one, bolder than the rest, remarked: "Mr. Lincoln, your speech was good, but there were some points quite beyond my reach."

The simple Lincoln looked up and chuckled: "I'm sorry for you; I once had a dog that had the same trouble with fleas."

ABE LINCOLN ON POTOMAC.

Told Stories on a Boat That is Still Running.

Washington Post: There are still a number of old and historic boats in active service and plying between Washington and other points on the Potomac river. Of these steamer River Queen is, in some respects, the most interesting. This old packet, now used for colored excursions, picnics and the like, was built in January, 1864, at Kingsport, N. Y., for the Potomac river trade. She is 180 feet long, 28 feet hold and of 400-horse power.

Early in March, 1864, President Lincoln, thinking that the war of the rebellion was fast approaching its termination, departed on the River Queen for City Point, Va., accompanied by Secretary Stanton. They left from the Sixth street wharf, expecting to negotiate terms of surrender with the representatives of the confederate government as soon as they reached their destination on the James river. They returned to Washington during the early part of April somewhat the wiser for their trip, and convinced that the end of the struggle was as remote as ever.

It was on March 22 that Gens. Grant and Sherman and Admiral Porter visited President Lincoln on board the River Queen at City Point. They spent the day in conference, and, in the course of their interview, informed the president that another bloody battle would be necessary to bring the struggle to a close. On being thus informed, President Lincoln seemed very much disappointed, as he had all along entertained hope of bringing the war to a close then and there. Subsequently they discussed the probable capture of President Jefferson Davis and the confederate cabinet, and, when asked what he proposed to do with Davis in the event of his capture, President Lincoln said:

"Gentlemen, this reminds me of a thing that happened when I was a boy in Indiana. One morning I went to the house

of a neighbor and found a boy about my own size, holding a coon by a string. I asked him what he was doing. He said: 'It's a coon. Dad cotted six of 'em last night and killed all but this pore little cuss. Dad tol' me hol' him until he got back an' I'm afraid he's going to kill this one, too; an' oh, Abe, I do wish he'd get away.' 'Well, I said, why don't you let him losse?' 'That woudn't be right,' he replied, 'an', if I let him go, dad would give me hell. But if he would get away himself it would be all right.'

"Now, if Jeff Davis and those other fellows, will only get away, it will be all right; but if we should catch them, and I should let them go, the country at large and congress would give me hell."

This story passed into circulation at the time, getting into the newspapers; and, later, appeared in Mr. Hapgood's "Life of Lincoln." The after cabin of the River Queen, in which this story was told, is still pointed out to visitors by those in charge of the old packet.

Veteran local pilots are responsible for the state ment that Potomac river boats enjoy a longer life than those elsewhere, and this seems to be borne out, in part, by the number of ancient packets lying along the local water front, and still in active service. The oldest packet plying on the Potomac river is the steamer Kent, built in Baltimore in 1854. The Kent is now operating as a freight and passenger boat between this city and Maddox creek, Md. The Belle Haven, now used as a ferryboat between this city and Alexandria, Va., was built in Wilmington, Del., in 1857. The next oldest is the Samuel J. Pentz, built in Greenpoint, N. Y., in 1859; after which follows the T. V. Arrowsmith, built and completed on the docks of Keyport, N. J., in 1860.

The last two were built for the Hudson river passenger service and formerly plied between New York and Albany. They were constructed for speed, and, in their day, were famous racers. The Arrowsmith, now operating as a freight boat between this point and Smith's creek Md., was formerly, during the hay-day of river traffic and travel on New York's great waterway, the swiftest boat on the Hudson, and the winner of twenty-eight or more races.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY

The President noticed a small, pale, delicate looking boy, about thirteen years old, among the number in the antechamber. The President saw him standing there, looking so feeble and faint, and said: "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want." The boy advanced, placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and with a bowed head and timid accents said: "Mr. President, I have

been a drummer boy in a regiment for two years, and my colonel got angry with me and turned me off. I was taken sick and have been a long time in the hospital." The President discovered that the boy had no home, no father—he had died in the army—no mother. "I have no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters, and," bursting into tears, "no friends—nobody cares for me." Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and the boy's heart was soon made glad by a request to certain officials "to care for this poor boy."

CABINET RECONSTRUCTION

The President had decided to select a new war minister, and the leading Republican Senators thought the occasion was opportune to change the whole seven Cabinet ministers. They, therefore, earnestly advised him to make a clean sweep, and select seven new men, and so restore the waning confidence of the country. The President listened with patient courtesy, and when the Senators had concluded he said, with a characteristic gleam of humor in his eye:

"Gentlemen, your request for a change of the whole Cabinet because I have made one change, reminds me of a story I once heard in Illinois, of a farmer who was much troubled by skunks. His wife insisted on his trying to get rid of them. He loaded his shotgun one moonlight night and awaited developments. After some time the wife heard the shotgun go off, and, in a few minutes, the farmer entered the house. 'What luck have you?' said she. 'I hid myself behind the wood-pile,' said the old man, 'with the shotgun pointed towards the hen roost, and before long there appeared not one skunk but seven. I took aim, blazed away, killed one, and he raised such a fearful smell that I concluded it was best to let

the other six go.'"

The Senators laughed and retired.

HOW LINCOLN EARNED HIS FIRST DOLLAR

The following interesting story was told by Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Seward and a few friends one evening in the Executive Mansion at Washington. The President said: "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," replied Mr. Seward.

"Well," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I belonged, you know, to what they call down South the 'scrubs.' We had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

"After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flatboat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to the Southern market. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

"I was contemplating my new flatboat, and wondering whether I could make it strong or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, and looking at the different boats singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered, somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me one or two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat.

"They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took

from his pocket a silver half-dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit, that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time." *with a flourish*

INCIDENT IN THE BLACKHAWK WAR

An old Indian strayed, hungry and helpless, into the camp one day. The soldiers were conspiring to kill him as a spy.

A letter from General Cass, recommending him, for his past kind and faithful service to the whites, the trembling old savage drew from beneath the folds of his blankets; but failed in any degree to appease the wrath of the men who confronted him. "Make an example of him," they exclaimed; "the letter is a forgery, and he is a spy."

They might have put their threats into execution had not the tall form of their captain, his face swarthy with resolution and rage, interposed itself between them and their defenseless victim.

Lincoln's determined look and demand that it must not be done were enough. They sullenly desisted, and the Indian, unmolested, continued on his way.

LOST TIME DON'T COUNT

Mr. Weed, the veteran journalist and politician, relates how, when he was opposing the claims of Montgomery Blair, who aspired to a cabinet appointment, when Mr. Lincoln inquired of Mr. Weed whom he would recommend, "Henry Winter Davis," was the response. "David Davis, I see, has been posting you on this question," retorted Lincoln. "He has Davis on the brain. I think Maryland must be a good State to move from." The President then told a story of a witness in court in a neighboring county, who, on being asked his age, replied, "Sixty." Being satisfied he was much older the question was repeated, and on receiving the same answer the court admonished the witness, saying, "The court knows you to be much older than sixty."

"Oh, I understand now," was the rejoinder, "you're thinking of those ten years I spent on the eastern shore of Maryland; that was so much time lost, and didn't count." *Weed by Weed*

HE'S ALL RIGHT; BUT A
CHRONIC SQUEALER

One of the Northern Governors was able, earnest, and untiring in aiding the administration, but always complaining. After reading all his papers, the President said, in a cheerful and reassuring tone:

"Never mind, never mind; those dispatches don't mean anything. Just go right ahead. The Governor is like a boy I saw once at a launching. When everything was ready, they picked out a boy and sent him under the ship to knock away the trigger and let her go. At the critical moment everything depended on the boy. He had to do the job well by a direct, vigorous blow, and then lie flat and keep still while the boat slid over him.

"The boy did everything right, but he yelled as if he were being murdered from the time he got under the keel until he got out. I thought the hide was all scraped off his back; but he wasn't hurt at all.

"The master of the yard told me that this boy was always chosen for that job, that he did his work well, that he never had been hurt, but that he always squealed in that way. That's just the way with Governor ——. Make up your mind that he is not hurt, and that he is doing the work right, and pay no attention to his squealing. He only wants to make you understand how hard his task is, and that he is on hand performing it." Week by week

THE FIRST MEETING OF A FUTURE PRESIDENT AND GOVERNOR

Lincoln was a marked and a peculiar young man. People talked a out him. His studious halits, his greed for information, his thorough mastery of the difficulties of every new position in which he was placed, his intelligence touching all matters of public concern, his unwearying good-nature, his skill in telling a story, his great athletic power, his quaint, odd ways, his uncouth appearance all tended to bring him in sharp contrast with the dull mediocrity by which he was surrounded. Denton Offutt, his old employer at the store, said, after having had a conversation with Lincoln, that the young man "had talent enough in him to make a President." In every circle in which he found himself, whether refined or coarse, he was always the center of attraction.

William G. Greene says that when he (Greene) was a member of the Illinois College, he brought home with him, on a vacation, Richard Yates, afterwards governor of the state, and some other boys, and, in order to entertain them, took them up to see Lincoln. He found him in his usual position and at his usual occupation. He was flat on his back, on a cellar door, reading a newspaper. This was the manner in which a president of the United States and a governor of Illinois became acquainted with each other. Mr. Greene says that Lincoln then repeated the whole of Burns, and was a devoted student of Shakespeare. So the rough backwoodsman, self-educated, entertained the college boys, and was invited to dine with them on bread and milk. How he managed to upset his bowl of milk is not a matter of history, but the fact that he did so, as is the further fact that Green's mother, who loved Lincoln, tried to smooth over the accident and to relieve the young man's embarrassment.

SIMPLICITY

Mr. Jeriah Bonham describes a visit that he paid Mr. Lincoln at his room in the State House, where he found him quite alone except that two of his children, one of whom was Tad, were with him.

The door was open.

We walked in and were at once recognized and seated—the two boys still continuing their play about the room. Tad was spinning his top; and Mr. Lincoln, as we entered, had just finished adjusting the string for him so as to give the top the greatest degree of force. He remarked that he was having a little fun with the boys.

At another time, at Lincoln residence, Tad came into the room, and putting his hand to his mouth, and his mouth to his father's ear, said in a boy's whisper, "Ma says come to supper."

All heard the announcement, and Mr. Lincoln, perceiving this, said: "You have heard, gentlemen, the announcement concerning the interesting state of things in the dining-room. It will never do for me, if elected, to make this young man a member of my cabinet, for it is plain he cannot be trusted with secrets of state." *W. L. G. W. L. G.*

"THE HOUSE DIVIDED

AGAINST ITSELF"

Lincoln read the speech, containing the above, to many of his friends, before he delivered it in the contest for the United States Senate against Douglas. Some condemned, some endorsed, characterized it as "fool utterances, ahead of its time;" another said, "Lincoln, deliver that speech as read, and it will make you President." Lincoln answered all their objections, substantially as follows: "Friends, this thing has been retarded long enough. The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered; and if it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth—let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right."

To one complainant who followed into his office he said proudly: "If I had to draw a pen across my record, and erase my whole life from sight, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech and leave it to the world unerasd." This was Lincoln's position in the Lincoln-Douglas debate. His opening speech at Springfield contained this memorable sentence. In a letter to a friend, August 22, 1858, Lincoln said: "Douglas and I, for the first time during this canvass crossed swords here yesterday. The fire flew some, and I am glad to know I am yet alive."

Will be alive

LINCOLN'S MODESTY

Secretary Chase, when Secretary of the Treasury, had a disagreement, and the Secretary had resigned.

The President was urged not to accept it, as "Secretary Chase is today a national necessity," his advisers said. "How mistaken you are!" he quietly observed. "Yet it is not strange; I used to have similar notions. No! if we should all be turned out tomorrow, and could come back here in a week, we should find our places filled by a lot of fellows doing just as well as we did, and in many instances better.

"As the Irishman said, 'In this country one man is as good as another; and for the matter of that, very often a great deal better.' No; this Government does not depend upon the life of any man."

A TOUCHING SONG INFLUENCES TO PARDON A REBEL PRISONER

The following interesting particulars connected with the early life of Abraham Lincoln, are from the Virginia (Ill.) Enquirer, of date of March 1, 1879:

"John McNamer was buried last Sunday, near Petersburg, Menard County. A long while ago he was Assessor and Treasurer of the County for several successive terms. Mr. McNamer was an early settler in that section, and before the town of Petersburg was laid out, in business in Old Salem, a village that existed many years ago two miles south of the present site of Petersburg. Abe Lincoln was then postmaster of the place and sold whisky to its inhabitants. There are old-timers yet living in Menard County who bought many a jug of corn-juice from Old Abe when he lived at Salem. It was here that Annie Rutledge dwelt, and in whose grave Lincoln wrote that his heart was buried. As the story runs, the fair and gentle Annie was originally John McNamer's sweetheart, but Abe took a "shine" to the young lady, and succeeded in heading off McNamer and won her affections. But Annie Rutledge died, and Lincoln went to Springfield, where he some time afterwards married.

"It is related that during the war a lady belonging to a prominent Kentucky family visited Washington to beg for her son's pardon, who was then in prison under sentence of death for belonging to a band of guerrillas who had committed many murders and outrages. With the mother was her daughter, a beautiful young lady, who was an accomplished musician. Mr. Lincoln received the visitors in his usual kind manner, and the mother made known the object of her visit, accompanying her plea with tears and sobs and all the customary romantic incidents.

"There were probably extenuating circumstances in favor of the young rebel prisoner, and while the President seemed to be deeply pondering, the young lady moved to a piano near by and taking a seat commenced to sing 'Gentle Annie,' a very sweet and pathetic ballad which, before the war, was a familiar song in almost every household in the Union, and is not yet entirely forgotten, for that

matter. It is to be presumed that the young lady sang the song with more plaintiveness and effect than Old Abe had ever heard it in Springfield. During its rendition, he arose from his seat, crossed the room to a window in the westward, through which he gazed for several minutes with a 'sad, far-away look,' which has so often been noted as one of his peculiarities. His memory, no doubt, went back to the days of his humble life on the Sangamon, and with visions of Old Salem and its rustic people, who once gathered in his primitive store, came a picture of the 'Gentle Annie' of his youth, whose ashes had rested for many long years under the wild flowers and brambles of the old rural burying ground, but whose spirit then, perhaps, guided him to the side of mercy. Be that as it may, Mr. Lincoln drew a large red silk handkerchief from his coat-pocket, with which he wiped his face vigorously. Then he turned, advanced quickly to his desk, wrote a brief note, which he handed to the lady, and informed her that it was the pardon she sought. The scene was no doubt touching in a great degree and proves that a nice song, well sung, has often a powerful influence in recalling tender recollections. It proves, also, that Abraham Lincoln was a man of fine feelings, and that, if the occurrence was a put-up job on the lady's part it accomplished the purpose all the same."

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

Week by Week
A cashiered officer, seeking to be restored through the power of the executive, became insolent, because the President, who believed the man guilty, would not accede to his repeated requests, at last said, "Well Mr. President, I see you are fully determined not to do me justice!"

This was too aggravating even for Mr. Lincoln; rising he suddenly seized the disgraced officer by the coat collar, and marched him forcibly to the door, saying as he ejected him into the passage: "Sir, I give you a fair warning never to show your face in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult. I never wish to see your face again."

LINCOLN'S HIGH COMPLIMENT TO
THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

A fair for the benefit of the soldiers, held at the Patent Office, Washington, called out Mr. Lincoln as an interested visitor; and he was not permitted to retire without giving a word to those in attendance. "In this extraordinary war," said he, "extraordinary developments have manifested themselves, such as have not been seen in former wars; and among these manifestations nothing has been more remarkable than these fairs for the relief of suffering soldiers and their families. And the chief agent in these fairs are the women of America. I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of playing compliments to women; but I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world, in praise of women, were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America!"

KINDNESS OF HEART

An old acquaintance of the President visited him in Washington. Lincoln desired to give him a place. Thus encouraged, the visitor, who was an honest man, but wholly inexperienced in public

affairs or business, asked for a high office, Superintendent of the Mint. The President was aghast, and said: "Good gracious! Why didn't he ask to be Secretary of the Treasury, and have done with it?" Afterwards, he said: "Well, now, I never thought Mr. — had anything more than average ability, when we were young men together. But, then, I suppose he thought the same thing about me, and—here I am!"

Lincoln was censured for appointing one that had zealously opposed his second term.

He replied: "Well, I suppose Judge E., having been disappointed before, did behave pretty ugly, but that wouldn't make him any less fit for the place; and I think I have Scriptural authority for appointing him. You remember when the Lord was on Mount Sinai getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god for the people to worship. Yet Aaron got his commission, you know."

Well, I suppose Judge E.,

ONE CONCEPTION OF

THE NEW PRESIDENT

Soon after Mr. Lincoln began his Administration, a distinguished South Carolina lady, the widow of a Northern scholar, called upon him out of curiosity.

She was very proud and aristocratic, and was anxious to see this monstrosity, as he had been represented. Upon being presented she hissed in the President's ear: "I am a South Carolinian." The President taking in the situation; was at once courteous and dignified.

After a pleasant conversation, she said: "Why, Mr. Lincoln, you look, act, and speak like a kind, good-hearted, generous man." "And did you expect to meet a savage?" said he. "Certainly I did, or even something worse. I am glad I have met you, and now the best way to preserve peace is for you to go to Charleston and show the people what you are, and tell the people you have no intention of injuring them." The lady attended the first levee after the inauguration.

"I'LL TRY TO STEER

HER THROUGH"

Week by Week
General John A. Logan and Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois, called upon Mr. Lincoln at Willard's Hotel, Washington, February 23, the morning of his arrival, and urged a vigorous, firm policy.

Patiently listening, the President replied seriously but cheerfully, "As the country has placed me at the helm of the ship, I'll try to steer her through."

FIRST ECHOES FROM

CHICAGO CONVENTION

Mr. Volk, the artist, relates that, being in Springfield when the nomination was announced, he called upon Mr. Lincoln, whom he had found looking radiant. "I exclaimed, 'I am the first man from Chicago, I believe, who has had the honor of congratulating you on your nomination for President.' Then those two great hands took both of mine with a grasp never to be forgotten, and while shaking, I said, 'Now that you will doubtless be the next President of the United States, I want to make a statue of you, and shall try my best to do you justice.'

"Said he, 'I don't doubt it, for I have

come to the conclusion that you are an honest man,' and with that greeting, I thought my hands in a fair way of being crushed.

"On the Sunday following, by agreement, I called to make a cast of Mr. Lincoln's hands. I asked him to hold something in his hands, and told him a stick would do. Thereupon he went to the woodshed, and I heard the saw go, and soon he returned to the dining room, whittling off the end of a piece of broom handle. I remarked to him that he need not whittle off the edges. 'Oh, well,' said he, 'I thought I would like to have it nice.'"
was a big stick

LINCOLN'S GREAT LOVE FOR LITTLE TAD

No matter who was with the President or how intently absorbing, his little son Tad was always welcome. He almost always accompanied his father. Once, on the way to Fortress Monroe, he became very troublesome. The President was much engaged in conversation with the party who accompanied him, and he at length said:

"Tad, if you will be a good boy, and not disturb me any more until we get to Fortress Monroe, I will give you a dollar."

The hope of reward was effectual for a while in securing silence, but, boy-like, Tad soon forgot his promise, and was as noisy as ever. Upon reaching their destination, however, he said, very promptly, "Father, I want my dollar."

Mr. Lincoln looked at him half-reproachfully for an instant, and then taking from his pocketbook a dollar note, he said: "Well, my son, at any rate, I

will keep my part of the bargain."

While paying a visit to Commodore Porter, of Fortress Monroe, on one occasion, an incident occurred, subsequently related by Lieutenant Braine, one of the officers on board the flag-ship, to the Rev. Dr. Ewer, of New York. Noticing that the banks of the river were dotted with spring blossoms, the President said, with the manner of one asking a special favor:

"Commodore, Tad is very fond of flowers; won't you let a couple of your men take a boat and go with him for an hour or two along the shore, and gather a few? It will be a great gratification to him."

well a very little

**"MOTHER, HE'S JUST THE SAME
OLD ABE."**

With Mrs. Lincoln
"It was during the dark days of 1863," says Schuyler Colfax, "on the evening of a public reception given at the White House. The foreign legations were there gathered about the President.

A young English nobleman was just being presented to the President. Inside the door, evidently overawed by the splendid assemblage, was an honest-faced old farmer, who shrank from the passing crowd until he and the plain-faced old lady clinging to his arm were pressed back to the wall.

The President, tall, and, in a measure, stately in his personal presence, looking over the heads of the assembly, said to the English nobleman: "Excuse me, my Lord, there's an old friend of mine."

Passing backward to the door, Mr. Lincoln said, as he grasped the old farmer's hand:

"Why, John, I'm glad to see you. I

haven't seen you since you and I made rails for old Mrs. ———, in Sangamon County in 1837. How are you?"

The old man turned to his wife with quivering lip, and without replying to the President's salutation, said:

"Mother, he's just the same old Abe!"

"Mr. Lincoln," he said finally, "you know we had three boys; they all enlisted in the same company; John was killed in the 'seven days' fight'; Sam was taken prisoner and starved to death, and Henry is in the hospital. We had a little money an' I said, 'Mother, we'll go to Washington and see him. An' while we were here,' I said, 'we'll go up and see the President.'"

Mr. Lincoln's eyes grew dim, and across his rugged, homely, tender face swept the wave of sadness his friends had learned to know, and he said:

"John, we all hope this miserable war will soon be over. I must see all these folks here for an hour or so, and I want to talk with you." The old lady and her husband were hustled into a private room, in spite of their protests.

LINCOLN'S KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE

Once, pleading a cause, the opposing lawyer had all the advantage of the law in the case; the weather was warm, and his opponent, as was admissible in frontier courts, pulled off his coat and vest as he grew warm in the argument.

At that time, shirts with buttons be-

hind were unusual. Lincoln took in the situation at once. Knowing the prejudices of the primitive people against so-called lawyers, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, having justice on my side, I don't think you will be at all influenced by the gentleman's pretended knowledge of the law, when you see he does not even know which side of his shirt should be in front." There was a general laugh, and Lincoln's case was won.

**SECRETARY STANTON'S
UNCOMPLIMENTARY OPINION**

Mr. Lovejoy, heading a committee of western men, discussed an important scheme with the President, and was then directed to explain it to Secretary Stanton. Upon presenting themselves to the Secretary, and showing the President's order, the Secretary, the Secretary said, "Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?" "He did, sir." "Then he is a d——d fool," said the angry Secretary. "Do you mean to say that the President is a d——d fool?" asked Lovejoy, in amazement. "Yes, sir, if he gave you such an order as that."

The bewildered Illinoisan betook him-

self at once to the President and related the result of the conference. "Did Stanton say I was a d——d fool?" asked Lincoln, at the close of the recital. "He did sir, and repeated it." After a moment's pause, and looking up, the President said: "If Stanton said I was a d——d fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right, and generally says what he means. I will slip over and see him."

"THANK YOU, I NEVER DRINK"

When Lincoln was in the Black Hawk War as captain, the volunteer soldiers drank in with delight the jests and stories of the tall captain. Aesop's Fables were given a new dress, and the tales of the wild adventures that he had brought from Kentucky and Indiana were many, but his inspiration was never stimulated by recourse to the whisky jug. When his grateful and delightful auditors pressed this on him he had one reply: "Thank you, I never drink it."

AT THE WHITE HOUSE

At the opening of the administration he was overwhelmed with persistent office-seekers, and so much of his time was occupied in listening to their demands and trying to gratify them that he felt he was not attending to military affairs and matters of public policy as closely as he should. He compared himself to a man who was so busy letting rooms at one end of his house that he had no time to put out a fire that was destroying the other end. And when he was attacked with the varioloid in 1861 he said to his usher:

"Tell all the office-seekers to come and see me, for now I have something that I can give them." *Will be Will be*

The political problems alone would have been as great a load as mortal man might have been expected to carry, but his perplexities were increased, his time occupied, and his patience sorely tested by such an undignified and unpatriotic clamor for offices as has never been exceeded in the history of our government. The Democratic party had been in power for many years. Every position in the gift of President Buchanan had been filled with a Democrat, many of them Southern sympathizers, and now hordes of hungry Republicans besieged the White House demanding appointments. The situation was described by the President in a single ejaculation. A Senator who noticed an expression of anxiety and dejection upon his face inquired:

"Has anything gone wrong, Mr. President? Have you heard bad news from Fort Sumter?"

"No," answered the President, solemnly, "it's the postoffice at Jonesville, Missouri."

W. L. White 2/25/33

A delegation once waited upon Mr. Lincoln to ask the appointment of a gentleman as Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands.

Besides his fitness for the place they urged his bad health. The President said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place and they are all sicker than your man." *Walt Longwell / 2/25/33*

Walt W. Ball (1915) 33

LINCOLN'S TENDERNESS

When Lincoln was on his way to the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, an old gentleman told him that his only son fell on Little Round Top at Gettysburg, and he was going to look at the spot.

Mr. Lincoln replied: "You have been called on to make a terrible sacrifice for the Union, and a visit to that spot, I fear, will open your wounds afresh.

"But, oh, my dear sir, if we had reached the end of such sacrifices, and had nothing left for us to do but to place garlands on the graves of those who have already fallen, we could give thanks even amidst our tears; but when I think of the sacrifices of life yet to be offered, and the hearts and homes yet to be made desolate before this dreadful war is over, my heart is like lead within me, and I feel at times like hiding in deep darkness."

At one of the stopping places of the train, a very beautiful little child, having a bunch of rosebuds in her hand, was lifted up to an open window of the President's car. "Floweth for the President." The President stepped to the window, took the rosebuds, bent down and kissed the child, saying: "You are a sweet little rosebud yourself. I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness."

Little

AMONG THE WOUNDED

As one stretcher was passing Mr. Lincoln, he heard the voice of a lad calling to his mother in agonizing tones. His great heart filled. He forgot the crisis of the hour. Stopping the carriers he knelt and bending over him asked: "What can I do for you, my poor child?"

"Oh you will do nothing for me," he replied. "You are a Yankee. I cannot hope that my message to my mother will ever reach her." Mr. Lincoln in tears, his voice full of tenderest love, convinced the boy of his sincerity, and he gave his good-bye words without reserve.

The President directed them copied, and ordered that they be sent that night, with a flag of truce, into the enemy's lines.

LINCOLN'S INFLUENCE

WITH THE ADMINISTRATION

Many smiles have been caused by the quaint remark of the President, "My dear sir, I have not much influence with the administration."

Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, once replied to an order from the President, to give a colonel a commission in place of the resigning brigadier:

"I shan't do it, sir. I shan't do it. I don't propose to argue the question with you, sir."

A few days after the friend of the applicant that presented the order to Stanton called upon the President and related his reception. "A look of vexation came over the face of the President, and he seemed unwilling to talk of it, and desired me to see him another day. I did so, when he gave me a positive order for the promotion. I told him I would not speak to Stanton again until he apologized. 'Oh,' said the President, 'Stanton has gone to Fortress Monroe, and Dana is acting. He will attend to it for you.' This he said with a manner of relief, as if it was a piece of good luck to find a man there who would obey his orders. The nomination was sent to the Senate and confirmed."

Lincoln was the actual head of the administration, and whenever he chose to do so he controlled Stanton, as well as the other Cabinet ministers.

One instance will suffice:

Stanton on one occasion said: "Now, Mr. President, those are the facts and you must see that your order cannot be executed."

Lincoln replied in a somewhat positive tone: "Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order." Stanton replied with vigor: "Mr. President, I cannot do it. This order is an improper one, and I cannot execute it."

Lincoln fixed his eyes upon Stanton, and in a firm voice and accent that clearly showed his determination he said: "Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done."

ADVISES AN ANGRY OFFICER

An officer, having had some trouble with General Sherman, being very angry, presented himself before Mr. Lincoln, who was visiting the camp, and said, "Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to Colonel Sherman and he threatened to shoot me." "Threatened to shoot you?" said Mr. Lincoln. "Well, (in a stage whisper) if I were you and he threatens to shoot, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it."

THE BITER BIT

The Governor-General, with some of his principal officers, visited Lincoln in the summer of 1864.

They had been very troublesome in harboring blockade runners, and they were said to have carried on a large trade from their ports with the Confederates.

Lincoln treated his guests with great courtesy. After a pleasant interview, the Governor, alluding to the coming Presidential election, said jokingly, but with a grain of sarcasm, "I understand, Mr. President, that everybody votes in this country. If we remain until November, can we vote?"

"You remind me," replied the President, "of a countryman of yours, a green emigrant from Ireland. Pat arrived on election day, and perhaps was as eager as your Excellency to vote and to vote early, and late and often.

"So, upon landing at Castle Garden, he hastened to the nearest voting place, and, as he approached, the judge who received the ballots inquired, 'Who do you want to vote for? On which side are you?' Poor Pat was embarrassed, he did not know who were the candidates. He stopped, scratched his head, then, with the readiness of his countrymen, he said:

"'I am forrent the Government, anyhow. Tell me, if your Honor plases, which is the rebellion side and I'll tell you how I want to vote. In ould Ireland, I was always on the rebellion side, and, by Saint Patrick, I'll do that same in America.' Your Excellency," said Mr. Lincoln, "would, I should think, not be at all at a loss on which side to vote!"

LINCOLN FULFILLED HIS VOW.

The following incident, remarkable for its significant facts, is related by Mr. Carpenter, the artist.

"Mr. Chase," said Mr. Carpenter, "told me that at the cabinet meeting immediately after the battle of Antietam and just prior to the issue of the Proclamation, the President entered upon the business before them, saying:

"The time for the annunciation of the emancipation proclamation could be no longer delayed. Public sentiment would sustain it—many of his warmest friends and supporters demanded it—and he had promised his God he would do it!"

"The last part of this was uttered in a low tone, and appeared to be heard by no one but Secretary Chase, who was sitting near him. He asked the President if he correctly understood him. Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the Declaration of freedom to the slaves."

"In February, 1865, a few days after the constitutional amendment, I went to Washington and was received by Mr. Lincoln with the kindness and familiarity which had characterized our previous intercourse.

"I said to him at this time that I was very proud to have been the artist to have first conceived the design of painting a picture commemorative of the Act of the Emancipation; that subsequent occurrences had only confirmed my first judgment of that act as the most sublime moral event in our history.

"Yes," said he—and never do I remember to have noticed in him more earnestness of expression or manner—as affairs have turned, it is the central act of my administration, and the great event of the nineteenth century."

When the election was over and his friends begged him to assure the South that he contemplated no adverse action, he resisted the temptation and said that it reminded him of one of his experiences on the circuit when he saw a lawyer making frantic signals to an associate who was making blundering admissions to the jury, utterly oblivious of the wreck he was making of the case. "Now, that's the way with Buchanan and me. He is giving the case away, and I can't stop him." week by week 12/1/33

AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Soon after Lincoln's election he held a reception in the principal hotel in Chicago. For several hours a continuous procession of his friends and admirers passed before him, many of them old and intimate acquaintances. It was amusing to observe Lincoln's unfeigned enjoyment, and to hear his hearty greeting in answer to familiar friends who exclaimed, "How are you, Abe?" he, responding in like manner with "Hello, Bill!" or "Jack!" "Tom!" alternately pulling or pushing them along with his powerful hand and arm, saying, "There's no time to talk now, boys; we must not stop the big procession so move on."

Wash. Post, March 16, 1863

One day after his election, while a group of distinguished politicians from a distance were sitting in the Governor's room at Springfield, Ill., chatting with Lincoln, the door opened and an old lady in a big sunbonnet and the garb of a farmer's wife came in.

"I wanted to give you something to take to Washington, Mr. Lincoln," she said, "and these are all I had. I spun the yarn and knit them socks myself." And with an air of pride she handed him a pair of blue woolen stockings.

Lincoln thanked her cordially for her thoughtfulness, inquired after the folks at home, and escorted her to the door as politely as if she had been the Queen of England. Then, when he returned to the room, he picked up the stockings, held them by the toes, one in each hand, and with a queer smile upon his face remarked to the statesman around him:

"The old lady got my latitude and longitude about right, didn't she?"

THE MILLIONAIRES WHO
WANTED A GUNBOAT

A delegation of New York millionaires in 1862 waited on President Lincoln to request that he furnish a gunboat for the protection of New York Harbor.

Mr. Lincoln, after listening patiently, said, "Gentlemen: The credit of the government is at a very low ebb; greenbacks are not worth more than forty or fifty cents on the dollar; it is impossible for me, in the present condition of things, if I was worth half as much as you, gentlemen, are represented to be, and as badly frightened as you seem to be, I would build a gunboat and give it to the government."

They went away, sadder but wiser men.

**THE PRESIDENT REFUSES
TO SIGN TWENTY-FOUR
DEATH WARRANTS**

A personal friend of President Lincoln says: "I called on him one day in the early part of the war. He had just written a pardon for a young man who had been sentenced to be shot, for sleeping at his post, as a sentinel. He remarked as he read it to me:

"I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of the poor young man on my skirts.' Then he added: 'It is not to be wondered at that a boy, raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep; and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act.'"

This story, with its moral, is made complete by Rev. Newman Hall, of London, who, in a sermon preached after and upon Mr. Lincoln's death, says that the dead body of this youth was found among the slain on the field of Fredericksburg, wearing next to his heart a photograph of his preserver, beneath which the grateful fellow had written, "God bless President Lincoln!"

From the same sermon another anecdote is gleaned, of a similar character, which is evidently authentic. An officer of the army, in conversation with the preacher, said:

The first week of my command there were twenty-four deserters sentenced by

court martial to be shot, and the warrants for their execution were sent to the president to be signed. He refused. I went to Washington and had an interview. I said:

"Mr. President, unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many."

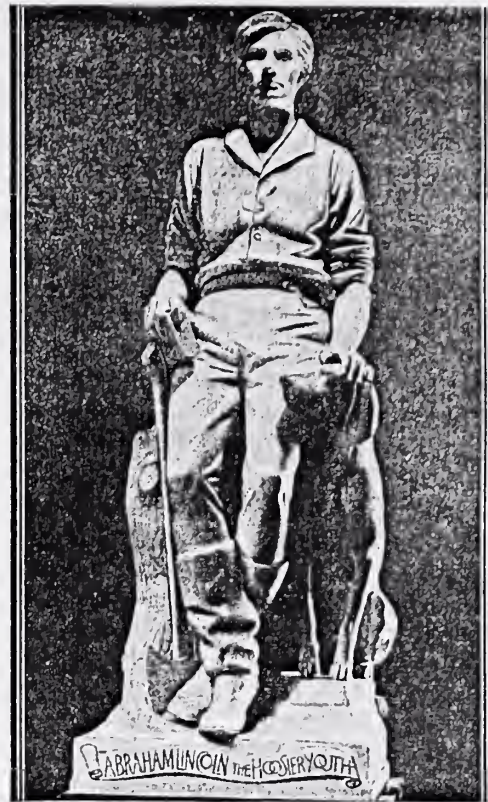
"He replied: 'Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it.'"

Lincoln's Ideas of Right and Wrong

the target 2-7-35-
ALL through life Abraham Lincoln regulated his affairs by the simple query: "Is it right?" To a client who begged him to take a case, he once said: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt but that I could win the suit for you. I could set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I could distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you \$600, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember that some things that are legally right are not morally right. I shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice, for which I charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making \$600 some other way."

ON ONE occasion Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, was much disturbed over something that had occurred, and declared excitedly that he was going to sit down and give a certain fellow a piece of his mind. "Do that," Lincoln advised soberly. "Get at it right now, while the spirit moves you. Mark it sharp. Cut him all up!" Stanton did not need a second urging. It was a bone crusher which he presently read to the President. "That's right," said Abe; "that's a good one." "Who can I send it by?" asked the secretary. "Send it?" repeated Lincoln. "Send it! Why, don't send it at all! Tear it up. You have freed your mind, and that is all that is necessary. It is never good policy to send such letters. I wouldn't think of doing it!"

THE soldiers who were bearing the heat and burden of the war always held a near place in Lincoln's heart and sympathy. Once, when he had just written a pardon for a young soldier who had been condemned by court martial to be shot for sleeping at his post as a sentinel, the President remarked: "I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of that poor young man on my skirts. It is not to be wondered at that a boy raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should fall asleep; and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act." Later this young soldier was found dead on the field of Fredericksburg. Over his heart was Abraham Lincoln's photograph, with the inscription: "God bless President Lincoln."



*Courtesy Lincoln National Life Foundation.
 Paulanship, sculptor*

The statue of Abraham Lincoln, the Hoosier Youth, dedicated at Fort Wayne, Indiana, September 16, 1932

LINCOLN'S RETORT.

Lincoln generally sat in a rickety old chair in the White House. One of his visitors said:

"Mr. President, that is a bad chair. You should have a better one."

"Yes," he replied, "this is a bad chair, but, bad as it is, I am inclined to believe that I know several statesmen who are perfectly willing to occupy it."

Another Lincoln story deals with the occasion when Stephen A. Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he once saw Lincoln retailing whisky.

"Yes," was Lincoln's quiet answer, "it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whisky by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar, and the judge was on the outside; I busy selling, he busy buying."—
Champ Clark's "My Quarter Century of American Politics."

ANOTHER LINCOLN STORY.

He Enjoyed Life's Good Things, but Got Few of Them.

Mr. Lincoln was one of the rare talkers who could always point a moral with an adorning tale taken out of his own experience. Everybody has experiences if he only knows it. Most of us are so much in the habit of taking in wisdom and fun through the printed page or the story as another man tells it that we lack the capacity to see it for ourselves.

The story teller is the man who finds his own material. An old southern politician was moralizing thus a few nights ago and eulogizing the man the south used to dislike:

"When Lincoln first came to Washington, I went to see him, so prejudiced against him beforehand that no man with less genius could have overcome it. I left that first interview his friend. No man ever came under the charm of Lincoln's personality without respecting him, and, if allowed, loving him.

"One day, after we had become fairly good friends, I told him of my early prejudice.

" 'Mr. Lincoln,' I said, 'I had heard every mean thing on earth about you except one. I never heard that you were too fond of the pleasures of life.' Mr. Lincoln sat for a moment stroking his long cheek thoughtfully, and then he drawled out in his peculiar western voice:

" 'That reminds me of something that a boy said to me when I was about 10 years old.

" 'Once in awhile my mother used to get some sorghum and some ginger and mix us up a batch of gingerbread. It wasn't often, and it was our biggest treat.

" 'One day I smelled it and came into the house to get my share while it was hot. I found she had baked me three

gingerbread men, and I took them out under a hickory tree to eat them.

" 'There was a family near us that was a little poorer than we were, and their boy came along as I sat down.

" ' "Abe," he said, edging close, "gimme a man."

" 'I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth at two bites and looked at me while I bit the legs from my first one.

" ' "Abe," he said, "gimme that other'n."

" 'I wanted it, but I gave it to him, and as it followed the first one I said:

" ' "You seem to like-gingerbread?"

" ' "Abe," he said earnestly, "I don't s'pose there's anybody on this earth likes gingerbread as well as I do," and drawing a sigh that brought up crumbs, "I don't s'pose there's anybody gets less of it." "

And the old congressman said Mr. Lincoln looked as though the subject was ended.

ANNA LEACH.

Lincoln as a Dancer.

Lincoln made his first appearance in society when he was first sent to Springfield, Ills., as a member of the state legislature. It was not an imposing figure which he cut in a ballroom, but still he was occasionally to be found there. Miss Mary Todd, who afterward became his wife, was the magnet which drew the tall, awkward young man from his den. One evening Lincoln approached Miss Todd and said, in his peculiar idiom:

"Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way."

The young woman accepted the inevitable and hobbled around the room with him. When she returned to her seat, one of her companions asked mischievously:

"Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?"

"Yes," she answered, "the very worst."

Broadside

Anecdotes of Lincoln.

A couple of new anecdotes have lately come to light concerning President Lincoln, which are well worth repeating. Soon after the Presidential election in 1860, Mr. Lincoln was walking through the Public Square at Springfield, and chanced to meet a laborer named John McCarty, who was at work with a number of associates on the street. As the President-elect drew near McCarty held out his hand and remarked with Irish candor: "An' so yer elected President, are ye? Faith an' it wasn't by my vote ye wur." "Well, John," replied Mr. Lincoln, shaking hands with him cordially, "the papers say I'm elected, but it seems odd I should have been when you went against me." "Well, Mистер Lincoln," said McCarty, dropping his voice so that his fellow laborers should not hear him, "I'm glad you got it, afther all. It's mighty little pace I've had with Biddy for votin' forninst ye, an' if ye'd been bate she'd hev druv me from the shanty as shure's the world." During the summer of 1862 Gen. McClellan wrote President Lincoln a long letter from the Peninsula, offering him advice concerning the general politics of the country and the management of national affairs. "What did you reply?" inquired some one of the President. "Nothing," answered Mr. Lincoln, "but it made me think of the Irishman, whose horse kicked up and caught his foot in the stirrup." "Arrah," said he, "if you are going to get on I will get off."

4 Paymaster's Assistant

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PAYMASTER. —

One of the numerous paymasters at Washington sought an introduction to Mr. Lincoln. He arrived at the White House quite opportunely, and was introduced to the President by the United States Marshal, with his blandest smile. While shaking hands with the President the paymaster remarked, "I have no official business with you, Mr. President, I only called to pay my compliments." "I understand," replied "honest Abe," "and from the complaints of the soldiers, I think that is all you do *pay*."

From the same p 22

"GRANT'S WHISKY"

THE RIGHT KIND

Just previous to the fall of Vicksburg a self-constituted committee, solicitous for the morals of our armies, took it upon themselves to visit the President and urge the removal of General Grant.

In some surprise Mr. Lincoln inquired, "For what reason?"

"Why," replied the spokesman, "he drinks too much whisky."

"Ah!" rejoined Mr. Lincoln, dropping his lower lip, "by the way, gentlemen, can either of you tell me where General Grant procures his whisky? Because, if I can find out, I will send every general in the field a barrel of it!"

ABE'S REBUKE

"The first time I ever remember seeing Abe Lincoln," is the testimony of one of his neighbors, "was when I was a small boy and had gone with my father to attend some kind of an election. One of the neighbors, James Larkins, was there. Larkins was a great hand to brag on anything he owned. This time it was his horse. He stepped up before Abe, who was in a crowd, and commenced talking to him, boasting all the while of his animal.

"I've got the best horse in the country," he shouted to his young listener. "I ran him nine miles in exactly three minutes, and he never fetched a long breath."

"'presume,' said Abe, rather dryly, 'he fetched a good many short ones, though.'"
